

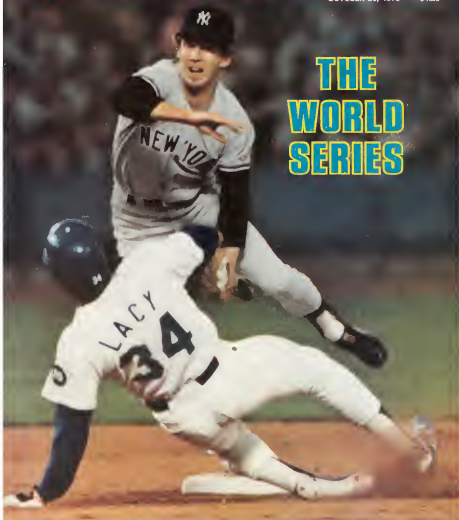
HOCKEY 1978-79

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 23, 1978

\$1.25

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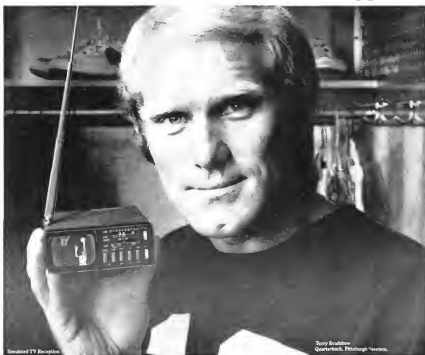


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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Don't let the goaltender outfit mislead you. Staff Writer E. M. Swift hasn't stopped any pucks lately—and not too many when he played the game. Swift, whose report on the National Hockey League's outstanding sophomore defenseman begins on page 41, was the sophomore goaltender for Princeton during its one-win, 22-loss, 1970-71 season, which he commemorated in the story that introduced him to SI readers (Jan. 16, 1978).

Before the 1978 hockey season had ended, Swift had written three more stories for us, and in May we hired him. Since then, he's been one of our more versatile writers.

Swift is candid about his performance in goal during the '70-71 season. "I was the only goaltender on the team," he says. "The coach had no choice but to use me. I made around 40 saves per game. My goals-against average was 6.50, probably closer to seven." Swift and Princeton improved in the next two seasons. If only marginally, with 5-17 and 5-18 records.

Nonetheless, Swift tried out for the St. Louis Blues after graduation in 1973. "No, I wasn't drafted," he says. "My fa-

ther had dinner with the club president, who talked to the general manager, who sent me a letter. They send letters to a lot of guys. The Blues' first-round draft pick that year was John Davidson, who's now a New York Ranger. I was an early cut."

From the Blues' camp, Swift went to Billings, Mont., where he worked as a TV newsman, a job for which he was even less qualified than playing goalie. "I had no training," he says. "I got the job because the station suddenly found itself short by two announcers. They needed somebody, so they put me on the air. I was horrible."

Undaunted, Swift moved to Boston for the next two years, listing his occupation as "free-lance writer," although at the time he'd never published a thing. "I thought 'free-lance writer' sounded good," he says.

It sounded better than that to the folks at *Hockey* magazine, who found Swift at a regional tryout for the 1976 Olympic hockey team. ("I wound up in the top four in the Eastern tryouts, but there was no way I'd have made the team," he says.) *Hockey's* Eddie O'Brien was covering the tryouts, and when he discovered Swift was a free-lancer (but failed to discover he was unpublished), he persuaded him to write something for the magazine. A year later Swift joined the *Hockey* staff.

Of the defenseman story, Swift says, "Today's blue-liners are very different from what they were when my Princeton coach, Bill Quackenbush, played. Then, they could pass the puck, but they didn't know what a slap shot was. Now many can pass like a defenseman of old and have a quick shot, too. It's changing the game."

For our sake—as well as his—we're glad Swift is reporting these changes from the press box, not guarding against them in the crease.



SWIFT: FROM THE CREASE TO THE PRESS

Jeff F. Sutton

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

**A FAITHFUL FISHERMAN IS CONTENT
EVEN IF THE BIG ONE GETS AWAY**

"The literature of angling," William Humphrey writes, "falls into two genres: the instructional and the devotional. The former is written by fishermen who write, the latter by writers who fish." Humphrey, who has written two slender and ethereal books about fishing, falls into the second category. But the reverence of his devotion is leavened by humor, sly observation and self-mockery; his books are not merely classics of the genre, but they are also unique for their almost total lack of solemnity.

The first, *The Spawning Run*, was published by Knopf in 1970; now, alas, it is out of print and difficult to find. Only 80 pages long—and 80 small pages of large type, at that—it is the diary of a spring fishing vacation Humphrey and his wife took in England and Wales. One will look long and hard to find a funnier account of the upper-class English at play. Humphrey's descriptions of their amorous romps (and his own) are hilarious. But at heart it is a book about going fishing, and one passage deserves to be quoted at length because of its wry wisdom and fine prose:

"Fishing demands faith. Faith like St. Peter's when the Lord bade him cast his hook into the water and catch a fish for money to pay tribute to Caesar. To catch a fish you have got to have faith that the water you are fishing in has got fish in it, and that you are going to catch one of them. You still may not catch anything, but you certainly won't if you don't fish your best, and you won't do this without faith to inspire you to do it. ... The satisfactions of a day's fishing are deep, and just as deep on a day when you don't catch a fish; but unless you keep faith that you are going to catch a fish that day, then fishing seems a waste—a waste of time, money, effort and, most depressing, a waste of spirit. ... Few things can make a man feel more fully a man than fishing, if he has got faith; nothing can make a man feel more fully a fool if he has not got faith."

As Humphrey makes plain in his second fishing book, published this fall, even the most devoted and determined angler's faith can flag. In the face of a clever and elaborate fish, the book is *My Moby Dick* (Doubleday, \$6.95), a substantial portion of which appeared recently in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Though the entire book is not much longer than the excerpt, it will be cherished by anyone who loves good fishing, good writing—and good book-making, for it is a lovely little volume.

Because most readers already know the
continued

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BOOKTALK

outcome, it is giving away no great secret to say that this is the story of the one that got away—as, in fact, *The Spawning Run* is also in one fashion or another, that is what all great fishing stories are about—not the catch but the chase, not the trophy on the wall but the empty-handed angler. From *Moby Dick* to *The Old Man and the Sea*, it's the fish that finally wins.

But Humphrey is too intelligent, inventive and complex a writer to tell just another fish story. For one thing, as its title suggests, *My Moby Dick* is carefully cast along the lines of Herman Melville's great tale of one man's obsessive quest for a whale of mythic proportions. The lines Humphrey casts are at once whimsical and serious. On the one hand, Melville's thundrous Captain Ahab is transformed into a mild-mannered writer, and the great white whale in the raging ocean becomes an oversized trout in a tiny pond. But on the other hand, Humphrey is saying that it's the obsession that counts, not the size of the quarry; unlike Ahab, he did not lose a leg to his fish, "but he had certainly taken a big bite of my brain."

That's the oldest fish story of all. "What happens is that the fish hooks the fisherman." Yet, when the trout finally defeats him, Humphrey finds liberation in loss. His fish, "old One-eye," leads him into angling at the most delicate and challenging level, "into the most rarefied realms of trout fishing...."

"Fishing stories always end with the fish getting away. Not this one. This, reader, has been the story of a fisherman who got away. For old One-eye made a changed man of me. No fish since him has ever been able to madden me again. I have hooked and lost some big ones in that time, but to each and all I have been able to say, 'Go your way. I have known your better, knows him well, and there will never be his like again. You, however big you may be, are a mere minnow compared to my Moby Dick.'"

Let's the impression get about that Humphrey is merely a hapless angler who likes to tell fish stories; it should be said most emphatically that he is one of the best American writers of the day. Though not as well known as he deserves to be, he is the author of several distinguished novels (notably *Home from the Hill* and *The Ordway*) in which he writes about families and the yearning for home and roots. Pursuing those same themes, he published last year a memoir of his childhood called *Farther Off from Heaven*, two chapters of which were published in *SA*, and which is, in my judgment, among the finest of all American autobiographies.

As to his two fishing books, I suppose I'd give a slight edge to *The Spawning Run* because of its wonderful Englishmen. But choosing between the two is like choosing between Affirmed and Alydar—the company is too fast and the margin of difference too narrow, so bet on both of them.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH PILEGGI

DAMBUSTERS

Pork-barreling, the seemingly inalienable right of an elected representative to use everybody's tax money to keep the folks back home—his home—happy, has taken three healthy jabs to the midsection in the last few weeks.

First, the \$10.1 billion public-works bill, which contained \$1.8 billion worth of water projects, several of which were scandalously wasteful of public money and natural resources (SCORECARD, July 17), was vetoed by President Carter.

Second, the attempt of Congress to override the Carter veto failed, thanks to a well-organized lobbying campaign by the White House.

And finally, last week, a substitute bill, which eliminates 17 boondoggles and cuts the total cost of the water projects from \$1.8 billion to \$841 million, was passed by a voice vote of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

Prominent among the 17 projects that will dry up for lack of funding is the Lukfuta Dam in southeastern Oklahoma, which would have cost \$34 million and would have blocked Glover Creek in McCurtain County, the last free-flowing river in the state. Supporters of the dam, which has been a controversial issue ever since the Army Corps of Engineers first proposed it in 1954, said it was necessary for flood control. Others anticipated the sort of recreational boom that has often accompanied the creation of large man-made lakes. But opponents, including a coalition of conservationists, ecologists and canoeists, protested that flooding could be controlled with small earth dams on tributaries to Glover Creek and that the scenic beauty of that mountainous, pine-forested corner of the state would be destroyed.

However, what caused the Lukfuta Dam to be included on President Carter's hit list of wasteful projects was the decision that the benefits of the dam did not justify its cost. A prime beneficiary, said federal officials, would be a single catfish farmer.

Three jabs don't make a knockout, of course, but the public interest has won a round.

PENNY-WISE

Now you see it, now you don't. The elusive \$30 million that was supposed to be part and parcel of the Olympic sports bill (SCORECARD, Sept. 25) and which has been kicked around more than Richard Nixon, almost vanished again last weekend. A dwindling House of Representatives, rushing toward adjournment, voted 54 to 42 at 1 a.m. to delete the money from its version of the bill. (The Senate had passed an almost identical version with the \$30 million intact.)

Supporters of the bill, caught off guard by the vote, scurried around through the early morning hours and managed to get \$16 million written into something called a "continuing resolution for funding," a last-minute catchall into which are thrown bills amended too late in a session to be rewritten. Because the continuing resolution contains many key pieces of funding, including the public-works bill (see above), it was passed by a voice vote of the House and will undoubtedly soon be signed by the President.

Judging by the morning-after jubilation of the bill's backers in the face of losing almost half the money they said they needed, half a loaf is clearly not only better than none, it will do nicely.

TO EACH HIS OWN

The Governor's Cup, the trophy awarded in the Wilmington (Del.) Harbor Fall Racing Series for Laser-class sailors, was won by Pierre S. (Pete) du Pont IV, the governor.

SURPASSING GO

The Nieman-Marcus Christmas catalog, that annual compendium of glorious excess, has arrived. On page one, billed as "the greatest finale to a dinner party ever conceived," is an entirely edible Monopoly game. The board, the tokens and the

property cards are dark chocolate. Everything else is either milk chocolate, butter cream or butterscotch. If the whole idea makes you feel slightly ill, wait till you hear the price—\$600.

WANT AD

Since the NCAA cut the number of football scholarships that colleges can offer, things have been tough all over. But when a school in the football-crazed Southeast Conference has to recruit by handbill, well, the mind boggles. Yet posted around the Auburn campus alongside the usual announcements of car washes and rock concerts were handouts headlined SO YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO PLAY BIG-TIME COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

"Here's your chance," the message



read: "Coach Doug Barfield is actively soliciting your support in making a contribution to Auburn football... an open invitation has been extended to eligible members of the Auburn student body who are interested in playing college football on both the varsity and junior varsity level.

"If you're interested, contact Coach Joe Connolly or Coach Jim Hilyer at the Athletic Department in Memorial Coliseum. The phone number is... etc."

The return of the scholar-athlete may be at hand.

SOX APPEAL

The Boston Red Sox took in nearly \$3.5 million this year, one of the most profitable seasons in the history of the Amer-

continued



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team League. Now Red Sox management has decided that \$3.5 million is not enough. Beginning next year all 7,369 bleacher seats will be sold on a reserved basis, and instead of being \$2 per seat they will be \$3.50 for a season-ticket holder, \$3 if bought in advance and \$2 if bought on game day.

No more, as long as the Sox stay hot, will a fan be able to decide on the spur of the moment that watching the Sox beat up on the Yankees, say, even if it means standing in a long line, would be a nice way to spend a summer night.

Claims Fenway ticket manager Arthur Muscato, "There were good reasons for this change in policy. One is that it will not require fans to wait four or five hours for rush bleacher seats. And it would help with crowd control. Some people waiting for tickets would go through a six-pack of beer, at least. And then those tanked-up fans would go into the park and drink more beer."

From now on some of Boston's most loyal fans are going to be tanking up in front of a TV set, and when the time comes—as it will sooner or later—that the Red Sox have a run of poor seasons and the level of interest falls and attendance drops off, management may find itself wondering what ever happened to all those people who used to fill Fenway's bleachers.

LITEHEADED

When Bruce Herman, the new sports information director at San Diego State, introduced himself to Cal Ray Anderson, a flashy freshman tailback from Texas City, Texas, and asked him which name he wanted to be called, Anderson replied, "You can call me Cal, or you can call me Ray, or you can call me Cal Ray, or you can call me..."

TURKEY HASH

Television's bottom line does not always dictate a happy ending for sports fans, but CBS has seen the light. After it turned the Heisman Trophy presentation into one of those tawdry Emmy-Grammy-Tony carnivals last year and consequently flopped in the marketplace, the network declined to try again.

The Downtown Athletic Club of New York, which has been giving away its highly prized bronze statuette of a running back for 43 years and should have known better than to sell it for a mess of TV postage, will return to the traditional

format. The winner will be announced at a news conference on Nov. 28, and a black-tie dinner at a Manhattan hotel will follow on Dec. 7. Replacing last year's "entertainment"—Leslie Uggams, Connie Stevens, George Plimpton, Phyllis George, Elliott Gould, Robert Klein and a dozen or so hoofers—will be Congressman Jack Kemp, a former Occidental (and pro) quarterback.

The spotlight will not be quite so bright this year, but at least it will be trained in the right direction.

RUNNING ARGUMENT

The death in Hagerstown, Md. last week of Representative Goodloe Byron, 49, of an apparent heart attack during a 15-mile training run along the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal towpath does not prove or disprove anything about the relationship of running to heart disease, but it does serve as a reminder of how little is known about that relationship.

Byron had run six Boston Marathons, his best time being 3:28:40 in 1974 when he was 44 years old. He was 5' 7", weighed 130 pounds, ran almost every day for at least half an hour and he had not smoked in more than 25 years. On the other hand he had a family history of early death from heart disease, and two cardiologists had advised him to stop running because of a "severe abnormality" discovered in tests nine months ago.

Some doctors see running as a form of medical insurance. A California pathologist says flatly, "Completion of a marathon in under four hours is permanent immunity against a heart attack due to arteriosclerosis."

But for every such conclusion there are those who say, "Hogwash," or words to that effect, and more who have reached no conclusion at all. As Coleman McCarthy, a 40-year-old runner, wrote in his *Washington Post* column the day after Byron's death, "One certainty is clear; a ton of grant money is available for more studies, with researchers ready to run up Heartbreak Hill to get it."

In a medical debate that involves America's hottest new sport and America's longtime leading killer, the more opinions the better. An ounce of honesty maybe is worth a pound of undocumented sure.

SOOPOO

Violence, it has been said, is as American as cherry pie. Make that pie a la

mode. Baskin-Robbins, once the gentle purveyor of ice creams such as Pablo Picasso and Here Come the Fudge, has named its latest flavor of the month Quarterback Crunch.

Where will it all lead? Banana Blitz? Block Walnut? Any Given Sundae?

SHORT PEOPLE

Bob Short, the man who once owned the Washington Senators, is now close to becoming one. In the Democratic senatorial primary in Minnesota on Sept. 12, Short, these days an Edina trucking executive, upset the Democratic Establishment candidate, Donald Fraser, by 3,000 votes and is now favored to beat the Republican candidate, David Durenberger, in November.

Several factors led to Short's victory. While he was anti tax and abortion, he was also pro snowmobile and motorcycle. The former stance was merely safe; the latter brought him a windfall of votes from the northern part of the state, where locals, dependent on tourist income, are up in arms over government restriction of the use of such machines in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area, a wilderness of lakes on the Canadian border. Another factor was at Short's elbow throughout the final week of campaigning, Billy Martin, out of a job in New York but as popular as ever in the Twin Cities, stumped the state for his old pal.

Short, who would undoubtedly have an uphill fight getting himself elected dogcatcher in Washington, D.C., a town that has neither forgotten nor forgiven his moving the Senators to Texas in 1972, also benefited from the fact that Minnesotans never gave a hoot that he moved the Minneapolis Lakers to Los Angeles in 1960.

THEY SAID IT

● Ron Bolton, Cleveland Browns defensive back, after a questionable call: "Officials are the only guys who can rob you and then get a police escort out of the stadium."

● Torchy Clark, basketball coach at Florida Technological University, on coaching in Division II: "We get less publicity. We get less money. But we are equal in getting high blood pressure, ulcers, heart attacks and, oh yes, fired."

● Johnny Carson, on NBC's poor Nielsen ratings lately: "If the World Series goes seven games, it will be NBC's longest-running show this fall."

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NO PLACE LIKE

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 22, 1997



HOME

The Dodgers opened the Series with a two-game sweep in L.A., but the Yankees barged to a 3-2 lead by being unbeatable in N.Y. by **RON FIMRITE**

In a rare Dodger fubling game, Paul Blair was cut down in the first inning of Game 4 by Reggie Smith's peg to Steve Yeager.



CONTINUED

GAME 1

He has a droopy mustache and a suffering face crowned by a thicket of black hair. The body, not large, is all cables and wires, a humming, functional machine. Davey Lopes was elected captain of the Los Angeles Dodgers this year, the first player so favored since Willie Davis held office in 1973. Lopes takes that responsibility seriously. "I have the ability to motivate people," he says without embarrassment. Lopes takes most things seriously. He weighs his answers to the most trivial of journalistic inquiries, his responses often flashing with indignation. When some ethnologist among the 400 newsmen covering the 1978 World Series inquired into his "lineage," Lopes, who was born in Rhode Island of Cape Verdean-Portuguese descent, rejoined tartly, "That is not important. What is important is that I am a man."

The Series is serious stuff, and for Los Angeles it was more so than usual this year. Jim Gilliam, for 14 seasons in the '50s and '60s a Dodger infielder and the team's first-base coach until he suffered a brain hemorrhage on Sept. 15, died at

age 49 of heart failure only two days before last Tuesday's Series opener. The Dodgers wore black patches on their sleeves on which was inscribed Gilliam's number, 19, and his spirit was invoked, throughout a week of mourning. The ordinarily festive opening game had the air of a memorial service as a record Dodger Stadium crowd of 55,997—two fans more than the old record—stood for a minute of silence before the national anthem. Lopes, who seemed more touched by Gilliam's death than any of his teammates, was the perfect man for such a sad occasion, conveying as he did the proper note of gravity and high purpose. The leadoff hitter and base-stealer, the player who usually "turns the ignition," he turned on the power Tuesday in a crushing 11-5 Dodger victory.

The Dodgers got their first run when Dusty Baker led off the second inning with a homer. Rick Monday kept the rally going with a double and was on second when Lopes stepped up with two out. Ed Figueroa's first pitch to him was a hanging curveball. Lopes slugged it for a two-run homer just beyond the reach of Roy White in leftfield. The Dodgers were out from 3-0, and Figueroa, an accomplished regular-season performer who has yet to win either a playoff or a

World Series game, was gone. In the fifth Lopes was even crueler to Figueroa's successor, Ken Clay, golfing his one-ball no-strike sinker deep into the leftfield pavilion with two runners on. The Dodgers were ahead 6-0, and Lopes had driven in five runs. Even the most skeptical Dodger fan was beginning to entertain thoughts of beating the traffic home.

Unsurprisingly, it was Reggie Jackson who created the only Yankee excitement. With his team trailing 7-0 in the seventh, Jackson led off the inning by getting all of a Tommy John fastball and smacking a towering blast to the base of the back wall of the Yankee bullpen in right, a distance of approximately 430 feet. It was Jackson's eighth World Series homer and his sixth in his last four Series games. John would surrender four more harmless runs before retiring in favor of Terry Forster in the eighth inning. The Dodgers, meanwhile, abused four Yankee pitchers in what New York Manager Bob Lemon dismissed as "just one game."

For the Dodgers and their solemn captain, it was a harbinger. "There is no doubt in my mind we're going to win this thing," Lopes said. "Jimmy's spirit is in each of our players. They will have to beat 50 of us, not just 25." Lopes' teammate Reggie Smith

thought the Dodgers would win it with only 25. "I felt we were the better club last year," he said, "but they won it. We'll prove we're better this year."

Catfish Hunter, the Yankee starter for Game 2, offered a more thoughtful explanation for the humiliating Yankee defeat. "These last two days we've been thinking too much," he said of the period between the American League playoff finale and the Series opener. "And when you start thinking, that's when you get yourself in trouble."



The Dodger troops salute Captain Lopes after the second of his two homers that powered Los Angeles to its opening victory.

GAME 2

No doubt about it, the kid was on the spot. His team, the Dodgers, was leading 4-3 with two out in the ninth, but the Yankees had Bucky Dent on second and Paul Blair on first. The hitter? Jackson, naturally, seigneur of the Fall Classic. Reggie had driven in all three Yankee runs with a two-run double in the third and a run-scoring ground-out in the seventh to almost balance out the four Ron Cey had knocked home for the Dodgers with his three-run homer and single. The kid, Bob Welch, had come to relieve Forster after the latter had walked Blair. Welch was cheered wildly from the instant he stepped through the bullpen gate, because in only a half season he had become a Lotusland folk idol.

The 21-year-old Welch was called up from the Dodgers' Albuquerque farm in June. He beat Cincinnati in his first major league start, and he shut out the Giants on Aug. 5 in what was then Los Angeles' most important game of the season. The Giants were leading the National League West by 4½ games when Welch and his flaming fastball stopped them. L.A. was on its way after that.

And now he was being asked to extricate the Dodgers from another dire circumstance. He required only two pitches to dispose of Thurman Munson. Jackson was another matter, because he is at his most luminous in the Series glare. Jackson is a fastball hitter, Welch a fastball pitcher. The 55,982 spectators stood and screamed through the six-minute faceoff. Jackson nearly fell forward on his bespectacled face as he swung and missed Welch's first hummer. He was sent reeling backward as the second scorched his whiskers. The next three pitches were fouled back, an indication that Jackson was not getting his bat around quickly enough to match the youngster's speed. The sixth pitch sailed high to run the count to 2 and 2. Jackson fouled off another. Welch missed on the outside for a full count. The crowd was in a frenzy. Jackson adjusted his glasses. Welch stood motionless on the mound. The runners moved with the pitch. Jackson cut at a high, inside fastball. He missed. Bedlam.

The denouement was nearly as inter-

esting as the confrontation. Jackson stomped angrily toward the dugout, and as he neared the steps he flung his bat mightily, shattering it against the dugout wall. Lemon stepped forward to offer consolation and was nudged aside by Jackson. Reggie strode up the runway, his now-angry manager in pursuit. At first Jackson refused to explain his ugly rage, and Lemon would only comment that he should have exercised prudence in approaching a man in such high dudgeon. Later Jackson confessed to a mental lapse. So intent was he on connecting with Welch's last pitch, he said, that he momentarily lost track of the situation. With two outs and a full count, the runners would be moving. Jackson knows that. But he was so caught up in the moment that when Dent started off second, the movement distracted him and caused him to miss the pitch. Initially he was angry with Lemon for turning the runners loose; then, when he recovered his senses, he was angrier still at himself. "I strike out 120 times a year," he said

"Why should this one bother me? Because I didn't think, didn't touch all the bases, you might say."

Later Jackson lauded his conqueror: "I got beat, that's all. I was looking for a ball I could handle and I never got one. I wanted him to make a mistake, but he didn't."

Jackson's whiff need not have been so vital. As early as the first inning the Yankees ran themselves out of a run when Gary Thomasson, playing centerfield for the injured Mickey Rivers, slid past second base on what should have been a successful steal and was tagged out. Munson doubled to the leftfield fence immediately after this misplay.

But the game also provided a clue of better things to come for the New Yorkers. Graig Nettles, the ballistic third baseman, made three astonishing stops of hard-hit ground balls, reducing two cinch down-the-line doubles to infield hits and converting another into an inning-ending double play. There would be more of that in New York.

continued

L.A. got a second win when Jackson took his cuts—but couldn't do it—against fireballer Welch



GAME 3

It was the Dodger captain in his final at bat in the first game at Yankee Stadium who tendered the ultimate tribute. Standing at the plate, Lopes gestured for the Yankee third baseman to move away from third base, preferably as far away as the elevated train platform beyond rightfield. Only by repositioning Nettles outside the Stadium, Lopes wordlessly announced, could the Dodgers hope to hit a ball through the Yankee infield. Nettles acknowledged Lopes' gesture with a friendly nod. "I took it as a compliment," he said.

As well he might have. This game was supposed to belong to Ron Gaudry. The Yankees' 25-game winner was to propel his faltering teammates back into the Series with one of his flawless performances, his pinpoint fastball and crackling slider baffling the now haughty Dodgers. Alas, the Dodgers jumped enthusiastically on those once prepotent deliveries. It was their misfortune, however, to hit them to Nettles' side of the diamond. Gaudry did win, and by the seemingly easy margin of 5-1, but he walked seven, struck out only four and courted disaster all night. And while Gaudry got the victory, Lemon remarked afterward, not entirely in jest, "Nettles should get the save. In 41 years I've seen a lot of great plays, but I don't think anyone has played third base any better than that." His counterpart, Tom Lasorda, concurred. "That was one of the greatest exhibitions of playing third base I've seen in all my career," he said.

In the second inning Nettles turned in a double play on Lee Lacy's grounder

to stifle an incipient Dodger rally. In the third he speared a Lopes line drive, and after Bill Russell singled, robbed Smith of a run-scoring double with a tumbling catch and a scrambling throw of his hand shot down the line. In the fifth he took another double away from Smith by knocking down a tricky bouncer to his back-hand side. Then, with the bases loaded, Steve Garvey hit a screamer to the same spot. This one bounced somewhat earlier than Smith's had, and Nettles snared it and forced Smith at second with a throw to Brian Doyle. In the sixth, with the bases again loaded, Lopes shot another bullet down the line. Nettles fielded it while pitched forward in the dirt. He regained his feet and once more made the force at second.

The Dodgers' inner defense, which is not their strong suit, proved as generous this night as Nettles, the one-man infield, was miserly. In a three-run Yankee seventh, Catcher Jerry Grote held on to Rivers' bunt too long, either because he wrongly thought he had a play at second or because Lopes was tardy covering first. In the same inning Lopes threw low to first on a double-play attempt, and Cey was unable to handle a run-producing ground ball—inexplicably scored as a hit—off Munson's bat. The three runs solidified a win that was actually earned in the first two innings. White curled a homer down the rightfield line in the first, and Nettles scored in the second on an infield out.

Nettles might not have been so lavishly on display had Gaudry been his regular-season self, but the slender left-hander admitted to having lost his "best stuff" in the bullpen, where he warmed up before the game. With the pop gone from his fastball, the righthanded Dodger lineup was able to pull his breaking pitches, a distinct advantage most days, sheer folly this night. Nettles' brilliant show invited comparisons with Brooks Robinson's performance in the Baltimore Orioles' Series win over the Reds in 1970. The Yankee third baseman, who has smarted in the past over his relative lack of recognition, seemed flattered by such talk. "Brooks and I," he said, "are not afraid to get our uniforms dirty. We dive for the ball." Then, apparently seeking a more precise evaluation of their relative merits, he added, "I have a little more hair than he does."



NEW YORK'S NETTLESOME MAN AT THIRD

Third base may be the hot corner for some, but for Graig Nettles of the Yankees it is center stage. He does not merely play the position, he choreographs it, with high leaps, spinning grabs, diving scoops. And against the Dodgers last week his show became a nationwide hit as he put on the best World Series performance by a fielder since Baltimore Third Baseman Brooks Robinson shut off Cincinnati in 1970. It was particularly impressive in contrast to the inept fielding of his opponents.

Nettles robbed Los Angeles of at least five hits and perhaps as many as seven extra bases and seven runs. The Dodgers' Rick Monday said, "There's no way to heat him. We could handcuff his right arm to his left leg and his left arm to his right leg, put a ball and chain around his neck and a blindfold around his eyes, and he would still make the play."



Even a subpar Gaudry merited congratulations

continued



A 34-year-old native of San Diego, Nettles has been making the plays since he became a regular with Cleveland in 1970. Although that was the year Robinson starred in the World Series, it was Nettles who led the league in fielding. The following season he set major league records for assists (412) and double plays (54). Overall, Nettles has been atop his league in assists five times, putouts twice and fielding once; he holds the record for assists in a six-game Series, and for double plays in a four-game Series.

Despite these accomplishments and an impressive batting record that includes a home-run title, Nettles concedes that Robinson deserves to rank ahead of him. After all, says Nettles, Robinson was the master of his trade for 23 seasons, while Nettles has been at it for only nine. But he adds, "I can't imagine him playing any better than I have the last several years." In fact, Robinson did not. Although Brooks' showing against Cincinnati was spectacular, his catches were less pivotal because the Orioles were so clearly superior to the Reds in '70. It is also noteworthy that during the six seasons—1970-75—in which both Nettles and Robinson played regularly, Nettles led his rival in assists five

times, putouts three times and fielding average twice.

Paul Blair, the Yankee outfielder who has played with both men, says, "I always thought that Graig was decent and nothing more, but after seeing him every day, I'd put him just behind Brooks. Robby went to his right better, but Nettles covers more ground to his left and has a better arm. I felt any play was possible with Brooks, and now I feel that way about Graig."

Nettles brings the same talents—quick hands, a nose for the ball and an arm of unfailing accuracy—to the position that Robinson did, but in at least one way Brooks was better equipped for the job. Nettles' 4-year-old glove, which he keeps using because he finds it "comfortable," has a deep gash in the pocket and a self-deprecating E-5 printed on the back.

Compared to other third basemen, Nettles plays deeper and farther off the bag. "For every ball that goes down the line, I figure there are 10 that go toward the hole," he explains. Nettles tries to give himself another edge by picking up the catcher's sign before every pitch. Then, as the ball heads toward the plate, Nettles moves a step to the left or right, depending on what kind of pitch has been

thrown. With the extra step he can sometimes cut off a hit and save a run, which, he says, "is just as important as driving one in and an even bigger thrill."

With a keen, sometimes biting, sense of humor, Nettles is amused by the belated attention to his fielding. "I've been making plays like this ever since I was in Cleveland," he says, "but if you don't do it in the Series, you don't get the recognition. I'm not an overnight success."

To Nettles' thinking, defensive ability is too easily overlooked. "They should list the defensive leaders in the paper along with the hitting leaders," he says. "And I wish owners gave consideration to defense in salary negotiations."

Surely it would help Nettles' bargaining position. Although he has had 161 home runs and 540 RBIs since joining the Yanks in 1973 and his 32 homers led the league in '76, he has usually struggled at the plate in postseason play. As the Series headed back West, Nettles had only three hits in 21 at bats, but no one was suggesting he pay his own way. "Fielding gives me the satisfaction of knowing that I'm not letting the team down completely," he said. Indeed, the only ones feeling let down by Nettles were the Dodgers. —LARRY KEITH

GAME 4

If Game 3 recalled Brooks Robinson, Game 4 brought back memories of Ed Armbrister, the previously obscure Cincinnati pinch hitter whose collision with Carlton Fisk in the third game of the '75 Series caused such turmoil. Armbrister's entanglement with Fisk after a bunt made the Boston catcher throw wildly and prolong a game-winning rally by the Reds, who went on to become world champions. Despite vehement Red Sox arguments, it was ruled that Armbrister was innocent of interference. The inimitable Jackson was similarly exonerated last Saturday at Yankee Stadium in a rain-interrupted game of nearly four hours' duration, which the Yankees finally won 4-3 on Lou Piniella's 10th-inning single off Welch. If anything, this game raised more unanswerable questions than its controversial predecessor did three October ago.

The incident occurred in the sixth inning, with the Dodgers leading 3-0 as the result of Smith's three-run homer in the fifth. White singled up the middle with one out, Munson walked and Jackson scored White with a single to right. Piniella then lined sharply to Russell's left. The Dodger shortstop reached the ball but dropped it—unintentionally, he said; fortuitously, it seemed—then retrieved it and stepped on second to force Jackson. He then threw to first in an effort to nail Piniella and complete what seemed a cinch double play. But the ball struck Jackson, standing no more than 15 feet off first base, on the right thigh and bounced away from Garvey into foul territory. Munson scored from second, Russell was charged with a throwing error and Piniella was ruled safe at first by Umpire Frank Pulli. Screams of outrage from Lasorda and assorted Dodgers followed this decision. Jackson, they complained, made no effort to get out of the way of Russell's throw. On the contrary, they fumed, he went out of his way to get in the way.

Rule 7.09 (f) of the Official Baseball Rules applies to "any batter or runner who has just been put out" hindering or impeding "any following play being made on a runner. Such runner shall be declared out for the interference of his



While Lopes mopes, Lasorda is out of sorts over the ump's non interference call in the fourth game.

teammate." If Jackson had been found guilty of interference, Piniella would have been retired and the Dodgers would have been out of the inning unscathed. As it developed, the run allowed the Yankees to tie the game in the eighth on Munson's double and to win it in the extra inning. Pulli said he concluded that Reggie was innocent of interference because he had not intentionally blocked the throw. The rule book says nothing about "intent," but Pulli holds that that is how Rule 7.09 (f) should be interpreted.

Did Jackson intentionally interfere? At first Reggie explained that he had merely stood nonplussed in the base path because of the confusing nature of the play. "When Lou hit the ball, it looked like a hit," said Jackson. "My instinct was to break for second. Then when I saw Russell had a chance for it, my instinct was to go back to first. Then I saw Russell drop the ball. I had nowhere to go, so I just froze."

Garvey claimed Jackson thawed out soon enough to make a significant move. "There is no doubt in my mind it was intentional," Garvey said. "The throw was headed right at him. Instinct tells you to get out of the way of a ball coming right at you. He moved his leg just enough to

deflect the ball. He knew what he was doing. It was quick thinking, but dirty pool." Pressed on the question of intent, Jackson later as much as admitted that his freezing near first was more a matter of convenience than confusion.

The controversy overshadowed brilliant play by Reggie Smith. In addition to his apparent game-winning homer, Smith threw Blair out at the plate from rightfield in the first inning. It also took attention away from superb relief work by Yankee Pitchers Dick Tidrow and Rich Gossage. Figueroa started again for New York, this time surviving five innings as well as the 40-minute rain delay, but he gave up all the Dodger runs. Tidrow went three and Gossage two scoreless innings. Welch, who entered the game in the eighth inning in relief of Foster—who, in turn, had relieved starter John—seemed invincible once again until, with one out in the 10th, White walked, Jackson singled, and Piniella tomahawked a high fastball into right center to score the winning run.

Inevitably, nonetheless, it was Jackson who once again stood at stage center. "Something odd always happens around him," said Lemon, clearly grasping the situation.

GAME 5

"The way I see it," said Los Angeles Outfielder Bill North, a formidable optimist, "we're about even. They're ahead, but we're going back home." Home could not look sweeter after what happened to the Dodgers on this, their gloomiest Sunday. The Yankees humiliated them 12-2, spraying 16 singles and two doubles to every patch of soggy ground in Yankee Stadium, acreage the Dodgers regard with much the same affection that Bonaparte felt for Elba. Grumbling in embarrassment after the debacle, the Dodgers snarled disapproval of the turf, the fans, the city, everything connected with the appalling Gotham weekend. They came to New York leading the Series two-up; they left it trailing three-two.

The first two losses might at least be defined as baseball games; Sunday's beguiled description. Yankee hits caromed off Dodger infielders, notably the much-abused shortstop, Russell, and found openings where none seemed to be. The Dodgers' contributions to the lost cause included three errors, one wild pitch and two passed balls. Russell, guilty of an outright error in the first inning on the first ball hit to him, spent much of the rest of the twilight-night game playing short hops off his shins. When he fielded White's grounder without incident in the sixth inning, the New York fans, all presumably escaped felons, cheered him sarcastically. That about cracked it for Russell, ordinarily the mildest-mannered Dodger. Approached after the game by the press, he exploded in rage and frustration. "Get out of here, you negative S.O.B.s," he yelled. When he regained his composure, after a brief diatribe on the shortcomings of Fun City, he said he found it difficult to concentrate when surrounded by such hostile fans. "I'm only human," he said, unnecessarily. "I'm by no means a Gold Glover."

Russell was not the only Dodger to complain about foul treatment from Yankee spectators. Smith said he was abused with "filthy language," and Monday claimed he was hit in centerfield with a tennis ball, various fruits and rolls of toilet paper. Lopes seemed astonished at the wild scene that followed the Yankee victory. "Other people win and their fans

don't go crazy," he said in wonder.

In truth, a good deal of this was sour grapes, a case of the vanquished Angelinos taking their disappointment out on the spectators. After all, they were beaten by Jim Beattie, a Dartmouth graduate who was pitching his first complete major league game. By stroking all those singles, the Yankees established a World Series record for such hits. And two members of the lower depths of the Yankee batting order, Doyle and Dent, went 6 for 9. Doyle and Dent hit .192 and .243, respectively, during the regular season. Munson, a somewhat more reputable batting threat, made his three hits good for five runs batted in and joined Lopes as the second player in the Series to knock in that many in a game. The Yankees had four-run innings in the third and seventh and a three-run fourth.

Beattie, meanwhile, scattered nine hits and did not allow a run after the third in-

ning. Worse yet, he may have learned how to beat the National League champions from conversations overheard in Dodger Stadium, of all places. During the first two games, his wife had hated fans there say that the Dodgers were vulnerable to hard-throwing righthanders, a description that fits Beattie perfectly. After the first Dodger win, said Beattie, his future opponents seemed "larger than life" to him. After his wife's eavesdropping, "I felt much more confident."

The Yankees, specialists all year in rising from the ruins, succeeded in changing the course of the Series in a single weekend in their own park. "The bright side of this," said North, "is that now they have to play us in our park. You can look at what happened here in one of two ways. Either it was a devastating blow, or we can come back and beat them at home. If they beat us on our turf, they deserve to win it."

END



Beattie boasted one—in this case First Baseman Jim Spencer—to celebrate his first Series victory

FANCY PASSING WAS NOT A PASSING FANCY

'Deep Threat,' an X- and O-rated production featuring half a dozen fleet young receivers, is now being shown at your local NFL stadium by JOE MARSHALL



Too often he is viewed as little more than a track man in football togs, an affront to all the Too Means and the Big Foots and the Mansters in the NFL. In fact, he is the most potent weapon in his team's game plan. And the most feared. His name is Deep Threat. He is a speed freak who can outdrag Mario Andretti's Lotus for 50 yards, and he has more good shake-'em-up moves than the entire cast of *Saturday Night Fever*. On any given Sunday, or even on any given Monday night, he can put six points on the board quicker than you can say, "The bomb is back."

Of course, finding a Deep Threat, a game breaker, is about as easy as figuring out Tom Landry's flex defense. For every sprinter who becomes a Deep Threat in the NFL, there were another 40 or so college prospects who, in BLES-TO scouting jargon, "had speed to burn but boards for hands." As a result, in the 1970s there have been just 17 members of the NFL's "20-Yard Club"—receivers who have averaged at least 20 yards per catch, with at least 35 catches, in a season. By contrast, in the same eight years 56 rushers have gained more than 1,000 yards in a season.

This year, though, the NFL boasts the best group of Deep Threats that the game has seen since 1963, when Bobby Mitchell, Art Powell, Buddy Dial and Lance Alworth were destroying man-to-man coverages and sending coaches back to the drawing boards. What they came up with then was the zone defense. Now, however, the young speed burners have enabled NFL coaches to take the long pass—the touchdown bomb—out of mothballs and put it back into game plans

Long jumper Lofton's five TD catches and 20.1-yard average per reception have led the Pack back

that had become as predictable as an extra point.

The old man of the new Deep Threats is the Minnesota Vikings' 24-year-old Sammy White, who is in his third season as Fran Tarkenton's prime home-run receiver. In fact, until White came along, NFL people used to joke that Tarkenton had not thrown a forward pass longer than 10 yards since the late 1960s when he was tossing bombs to Homer Jones for the New York Giants. White was named the NFC's Rookie of the Year in 1976, and in his brief career he has already caught 24 touchdown passes.

The NFL's Class of '77 included three White-style game breakers: Tony Hill of the Dallas Cowboys, Wesley Walker of the New York Jets and Stanley Morgan of the New England Patriots. Hill spent most of last year on the bench, which is where, by and large, Dallas Coach Tom Landry likes to keep rookies, at least until they learn his football lingo. Hill obviously did not pass the time on the sidelines admiring the moves of the Cowboys' cheerleaders. His performance during the 1978 preseason was so outstanding that Landry gave him the starting job that last year had been split between Golden Richards and Butch Johnson, both of

whom caught touchdown passes in Dallas' Super Bowl victory over Denver. Now Hill leads the Cowboy receivers with 23 catches for 395 yards, an average of 17.2 yards per catch. He also has scored five touchdowns, including two in Sunday's 24-21 sudden-death victory over St. Louis.

The Jets' Walker is the only young Deep Threat who has already joined the exclusive 20-Yard Club. Last season he caught 35 passes and led the NFL with an average of 21.1 yards per catch. So far this year, Walker has caught 19 passes for an average gain of 26.9 yards—tops in the NFL—and has scored touchdowns on bomb plays covering 77, 47 and 45 yards.

New England's Morgan also averaged 21.1 yards per reception as a rookie, but he failed to qualify for the 20-Yard Club because he caught only 21 passes. This season Morgan has 15 receptions in seven games for an average gain of 24.2 yards, burning rivals with touchdown catches of 58, 62 and 33 yards.

Judging from first impressions, the Class of '77 Green Bay's James Lofton, the long jumper from Stanford, already has caught 20 passes—including five in the Packers' 45-28 romp over Seattle Sunday—for 402 yards, a 20.1 average, and five touchdowns. San Diego's John Jefferson has 19 receptions for 269 yards, an average of 15.1. And the Tony Hill of the 1978 rookie class may well be New Orleans' Wes Chandler, the No. 3 player selected in last spring's college draft. For some reason, the Saints, who have never had a winning record in their 11 NFL seasons, have been unable to incorporate the speedy Chandler into their game plan. He has caught only six passes in seven games.

How valuable is a Deep Threat? Check a few of these case histories.

In 1969 the Miami Dolphins gained just 4.35 yards per pass play, almost 25% below the American Football League average, and finished in fifth place with a 3-10-1 record. Yards per pass play is the best statistical measure of a team's passing attack and an excellent indicator of its offensive capability. The '69 Dolphins clearly had little firepower. Following that season, Miami acquired Paul Warfield from Cleveland, and quicker than Don Shula could say Joe Robbie,



Jet Walker no longer has boards for hands

the Dolphins had a decent passing game. Warfield had 28 receptions for an average gain of 25.1 yards, and he scored six touchdowns. The Dolphins increased their average yards per pass play almost 40%, from 4.35 to 6.06—and made the playoffs with a 10-4 record.

In 1973 Los Angeles obtained Harold Jackson from Philadelphia, and that season the gifted Jackson caught 40 passes for an average gain of 21.9 yards. L.A.'s team average climbed from 5.55 yards per pass attempt to an NFL-best 6.88—and the Rams climbed from third place to first with a 12-2 record.

Now in 1978, one of the big reasons for all those THE PACK IS BACK banners and bumper stickers in Green Bay is the fact that the speedy Lofton has provided the upstart Packers with the home-run threat they have not had in years. After three straight fourth-place finishes, the Packers, whose passing attack has pro-

continued

Dallas' Hill said he would be as good as he is





San Diego's Jefferson likes to confuse opponents by feigning deep and then curling short to the inside.

DEEP THREAT *continued*

duced eight touchdowns—two more than last season at this point—are 6-1 and in first place in the NFC Central.

In assessing the worth of a Deep Threat, one also must understand the theory of brinkmanship: the threat of a bomb can be more effective than the bomb itself.

"Just having the capability of throwing the bomb makes everything else that much easier to do," says Miami Coach Don Shula. "If opponents spend a lot of time double-teaming one receiver or two outside receivers, that opens up pass routes for your tight end and for backs coming out of the backfield. But if they spend a lot of time worrying about deep coverage, they're probably not doing the proper job on run support, and that enables your running game to get going."

Nevertheless, when these young Deep Threats showed up, the bomb had moved

to the top of the NFL's endangered-species list. Or as Oakland's Cliff Branch, an older Deep Threat, put it, "The bomb don't drop much anymore."

In the heyday of the long pass, 1962, NFL teams averaged 7.1 yards per pass play. Since then that figure has steadily declined, plummeting to an all-time low of 5.18 yards last season. The total drop-off over 15 seasons was almost 30%. More alarming to those who view the bomb as an integral part of the game's appeal was last year's NFC average of 4.79 yards per pass play. That figure was almost a yard below the AFC average, and one reason why the AFC had a 19-9 record against the NFC.

"Defense starts with stopping the bomb," says Shula, who understands that a long scoring pass can be a psychological game breaker as well as a game winner. In 1977, a team that completed a

touchdown pass of 40 yards or more won that game almost 66% of the time. "The long touchdown pass can break your back defensively," says St. Louis' Mel Gray, who in his eight seasons has caught 39 touchdown passes, including 24 of at least 40 yards. "It has something to do with the defense seeing the ball up in the air and knowing they're going to get killed. They're helpless."

Coaches understandably have ambivalent feelings about the bomb. On the one hand, they love it when their team uses it. On the other, they hate it when the opposition uses it. As a result, they are battling the bomb with more troops than ever before. The 3-4 defense can put as many as eight defenders back against a pass. Also, more and more teams are switching to the so-called nickel coverage, in which a minimum of five defensive backs are deployed in obvious passing situations.

By far the most effective deterrent to the bomb has been the zone defense, which gradually replaced man-to-man coverage in the late '60s and early '70s. "If teams get good at the zone, the passing game may become extinct," Warfield warned at the turn of the decade. He was more prophetic than he imagined. In the '60s, individual receivers gained more than 1,200 yards in a season 28 times. But so far in the '70s, not a single receiver has reached the 1,200-yard mark.

Recognizing that the three networks didn't ante up some \$656 million over four years strictly for three yards and a cloud of dust, the NFL has launched an intensive counterassault to "Save the Bomb." Almost annually, the league adopts new rules supposedly designed to breathe life into the passing game. To date, the most effective change is the one introduced this year that prohibits contact with a receiver once he has gone five yards beyond the line of scrimmage. But despite the bullyhoo in NFL publicity releases, statistics indicate even this may be a case of too little too late.

Pass attempts have increased this season, as the NFL rule makers had hoped, but only by one pass per team per game. Through the first six games, the completion percentage is up by less than 2%. Statistically, that slight increase, combined with a very minuscule decrease in sacks and interceptions, indicates that each team has completed the extra pass thrown in each game. At the same time, the average yards per pass has

continued



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crept up from 5.18 to 5.46, and touchdown passes have risen by about 7%.

But even these slight increases hardly seem attributable to the 1978 rule change. For instance, while touchdown passes are up 7% over last season, they are down more than 2% compared to 1976. Also, the increase in yards per pass is only about 10 inches. The gain per catch is down about two inches.

Mel Gray thinks he knows why. "The bump rule has forced defensive backs to play deeper," he says. "They sacrifice the short stuff because there is no percentage in moving up. You can only bump the receiver at the start of the play anyway."

Obviously, the NFL's main hope for the real return of the bomb lies with the young Deep Threats. White has put some pizzazz into Minnesota's attack, and the others have opened up offenses, too.

San Diego's Jefferson is probably the slowest of the burners. However, he has better hands and runs more precise routes than the others, and he doesn't mind going into a crowd for "the more challenging passes, the ones they dare you to do."

Around San Diego, Jefferson is known as The Jefferson Airplane. When he was growing up in Texas, he used his stepfather's surname, Washington, but at Arizona State he switched to Jefferson, his original name. Hearing of his switch from Washington to Jefferson, an NFL scout inquired, "Why did you skip Adams?"

The Patriots' Morgan is known as Roadrunner. At Tennessee he played running back and wingback, as well as wide receiver, and demonstrated long-play capability by averaging 9.2 yards every time he handled the ball. Morgan quickly showed the NFL that those stats were no fluke by making a diving catch for a 45-yard touchdown on his first reception for New England

When the Jets' Walker was at California, he set an NCAA record by averaging 25.7 yards a catch. He also was timed in a wind-aided 9.2 for the 100. Walker is legally blind in his left eye, the result of a cataract he has had since birth. As a rookie, he also appeared to have boards for hands, dropping three sure touchdown passes. This season, though, he has caught so many bails behind defenders that he now sympathizes with the

when he dropped a sure touchdown pass in Green Bay's opening win over Detroit, one Packer muttered, "That may be the best thing that ever happened to him." Maybe it was. The next week, against New Orleans, Lofton caught three touchdown passes thrown by David Whitehurst.

As a junior at Stanford, Lofton backed up Dallas' Hill, who likes to call himself Thrill Hill. When Hill spent most of his time last season returning punts—and averaging 12.4 yards per return—he never hesitated to tell writers, "If you think I'm good running back kicks, wait until you see me catch passes."

Hill was a high school quarterback at Long Beach (Calif.) Polytechnic, where he followed in the footsteps of an earlier-day Deep Threat, Gene Washington, who made the 20-Yard Club with San Francisco in 1970. Hill broke most of Washington's high school passing records, and then followed him to Stanford, became a wide receiver and broke a few of Washington's collegiate records. Lofton also holds some of Stanford's single-game and single-season receiving marks.

Dallas coaches say Hill has "a great knack of running through the ball," meaning he catches the football in stride, with no stops or unnecessary leaps. Dallas scout Red Hickey says he used to try to teach the same skill to Bob Hayes by telling him, "Remember, you're 9.1 on the ground, not in the air."

"I consider the bomb my bread and butter," Hill says. "Nothing compares to the feeling you get when you have your man beat, the ball's coming down and you hear the big roar from the crowd. In that instant, the bomb is one of the most precious things in my life."

And Hill, like all the other swift, young Deep Threats, can put a price on it: six points.

THE 20-YARD CLUB

1970	GARY GARRISON, San Diego	22.9 (44)*
	WARREN WELLS, Oakland	21.7 (43)
	JOHN GILLIAM, St. Louis	21.2 (45)
	GENE WASHINGTON, San Francisco	20.6 (53)
1971	BOB HAYES, Dallas	24.0 (35)
	PAUL WARFIELD, Miami	23.2 (43)
	GARY GARRISON, San Diego	21.2 (42)
1972	JOHN GILLIAM, Minnesota	22.0 (47)
	RICH CASTER, New York Jets	21.4 (38)
1973	HAROLD JACKSON, Los Angeles	21.9 (40)
	JOHN GILLIAM, Minnesota	21.6 (42)
1974	NONE	
1975	ISAAC CURTIS, Cincinnati	21.2 (44)
	ALFRED JENKINS, Atlanta	20.2 (38)
	KEN BURROUGH, Houston	20.1 (53)
1976	ROGER CARR, Baltimore	25.9 (43)
	CLIFF BRANCH, Oakland	24.2 (45)
	CHARLIE JOINER, San Diego	21.1 (50)
	RAY JARVIS, Detroit	21.1 (39)
1977	WESLEY WALKER, New York Jets	21.1 (35)
	MEL GRAY, St. Louis	20.6 (38)

* Receptions

way they have been hampered by the rule change. "The receiver already has an advantage because he knows where he's going," Walker says. "When the defender could give the receiver a bump, that evened things up. I was a defensive back in high school, so I can see how this kind of thing can cut two ways."

Green Bay's Lofton won the NCAA long-jump title last year, and in 1976 he finished fifth at the U.S. Olympic Trials. Lofton irked some Packer teammates with his arrogance in training camp, and

A RICH LOAD OF ORR

Until some lucky scout locates a four-legged, six-armed, eight-eyed goaltender who swallows pucks on sight, the most cherished commodity in hockey is a Bobby Orr-style defenseman. Before Orr came along as a teen-ager in 1966 and introduced them to the manly art of offense, defensemen were mainly large, immobile, toothless bashers who never strayed very far from their own goaltender and never, never handled the puck on purpose. Orr changed all that, and suddenly the hockey hinterlands were crawling with scouts prospecting for new Orrs. Montreal found Larry Robinson in Kitchener, Ontario. Toronto discovered Borge Salming in Kiruna, Sweden. And in Ottawa, Denis Potvin was heralded as the "next Orr" even before he was drafted by the New York Islanders. However, such nuggets were few and far between until last season when six—count 'em, six—rookie defensemen burst into the NHL and played with a flair reminiscent of the young Orr. Never before had the NHL struck it so rich.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TROLO

Robert Picard wears Washington's red, white and blue now, but Montreal would like to dress him in rouge, blanc et bleu.





Swedish import Stefan Persson blocked as many shots as the New York Islanders' goaltenders

Minnesota born and bred, Reed Larson set rookie scoring records and helped revive the Red Wings

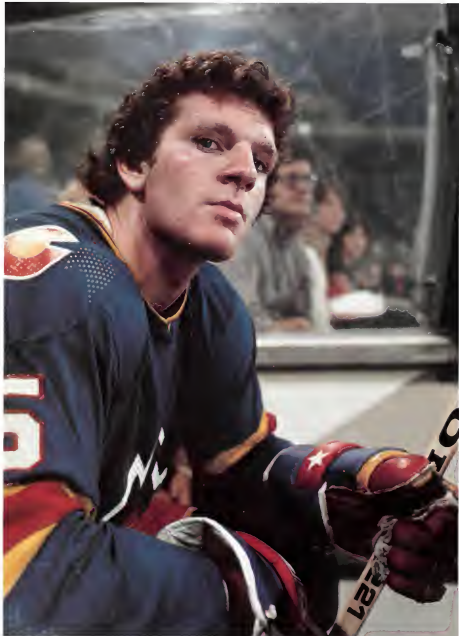


Brad Maxwell led all defensemen with 12 power-play goals and was Minnesota's real North Star



Tutored by injured teammate Orr, Doug Wilson dazzled Chicago with his rink-long dashes and his sharp defensive skills





A RIGHT FINE CROP

by E. M. SWIFT

One speaks of rookie "crops," perhaps because, so wily veterans, rookies are green and ripe for the plucking, like avocados. This is especially true of rookie defensemen, whom their goaltenders more often view as turnstiles than brick walls. First-year defensemen so rarely excel that only four times in the 41-year history of the Calder Trophy, the NHL's Rookie-of-the-Year award, has a defenseman won it (1963: Kent Douglas; 1964: Jacques Laperriere; 1967: Bobby Orr; 1974: Denis Potvin). Says Colorado Rockies General Manager Ray Miron, succinctly, "Good defensemen are tougher to find than good forwards."

Miron knows. In 6' 3", 216-pound Barry Beck he had the prize avocado of last year's exceptional crop. Beck is built like an unusually strong football player. His nickname is Bubba, after former NFL Defensive End Bubba Smith. When asked after whom he modeled himself as a young hockey player, Bubba says, "Dick Butkus." He is not, however, a "goon," as evidenced by his scoring totals as a rookie: 22 goals and 60 points—both league records for first-year defensemen. These stats should have set him off as an anomaly, a rookie excelling from the blue line. But they didn't. He had company.

Reed Larson of Detroit also scored a record 60 points last year. Stefan Persson of the New York Islanders had 56 points in only 66 games, including a rookie-record 50 assists. Brad Maxwell of Minnesota set team records for goals (18) and points (47) by a blue-liner and led the entire league with 12 power-play goals from defense. Doug Wilson topped all Chicago defensemen in scoring with 34 points. Robert Picard of Washington didn't score the first of his 10 goals until Dec. 7, but woke up in time to lead the Capitals with four game-winning goals.

Curiously, this new breed of defenseman knows no regional bounds. Persson is from Sweden. Beck and Maxwell are from western Canada and were junior teammates in New Westminster, British Columbia. Larson, a former student at the University of Minnesota, is from Minneapolis. Picard is a French Canadian from Montreal, and Wilson is from Ontario. All have good size (Larson is the shortest at six feet, Maxwell the lightest at 180) and hard shots and play the point on their clubs' power play. But they all also kill penalties.

"It was just a fluke that all these guys came at once," says Chicago Coach Bob Pulford. "It's the best group I can remember. They're not the guys that stand back and hit,

but there's an aspect to the athlete today that the old guys didn't have. They're bigger and faster, and they all grew up watching Bobby Orr play defense by controlling play in both ends of the ice. I don't think there's any question that Orr revolutionized the way defense is played."

Many feel that the 6' 2", 210-pound Picard may turn out to be the best of the crop. In fact, the Montreal Canadiens have tried to acquire him from the Capitals for the last five months; their last offer of three players from their Stanley Cup roster was rejected last week.

Picard says that as a youngster he remembers hearing people talk about Montreal All-Star Doug Harvey, who was named the NHL's best defenseman seven times. "He was the kind of guy who would sit back in his own end of the ice and relax and pass the puck and control the game," Picard says. "Bobby Orr liked to control the puck, too—but in the offensive end. Before Orr, they used to be defensive defensemen. I don't want to take anything away from Ed Van Impe and those big, hard-hitting guys who used to be around, but today's defensemen must move the puck and skate and follow the play."

One of the reasons for Persson's successful switch from the Swedish National team to the Islanders last year was that Europeans make their defensemen move the puck with passes, and this is the strongest part of Persson's game. The 6' 1", 185-pound Persson has a scholar's demeanor, and on defense he is more skilled at steering a player to the corner than knocking him through it. "I was used to the speed of the NHL game because of playing in the World Championships against the Czechs and Russians," Persson says, "but the body checking here took a while to get used to. Still, after the stories you hear, I was surprised it wasn't rougher."

Indeed, neither Persson nor Chicago's Wilson was in a fight last year, and only Beck, who grew up in ex-Canadian brawler John Ferguson's Vancouver neighborhood, earned a reputation as a fighter. Early in the season, Philadelphia's Paul Holmgren inadvisably challenged Bubba and got a pounding for his bravado, making Beck the unofficial heavyweight champ of the league, if a highly reluctant one.

Of the sophomores, Persson has the most savvy on the ice, but it is Beck whose defensive skills most nearly match his offensive talents. "The western Canadian coaches teach you that the man who doesn't have the puck is the most dangerous guy," Beck says. "That's the Russian theory, too, and it's made it easier for me to adjust to the speed of this league. Still, it will be four or five years before I reach my peak. Defensemen take longer because there's more to learn. Guy Lafleur's a forward, and it took him three years. Denis Potvin just reached his peak after five."

Well, avocados take time to ripen, too.

Barry (Bubba) Beck's bold rushes, dynamite shots and bruising checks gave Colorado a real Rocky Mountain high

CONTINUED

SCOUTING REPORTS

As the 1978-79 season begins, the NHL finds itself with six new coaches and minus one team. Gone are the financially strapped Cleveland Barons, whose merger with the Minnesota North Stars reduces the league's franchises to a nice, round 17. In a rules change intended to "maintain the continuous flow of play," the NHL has begun imposing penalties on goaltenders who freeze the puck in areas other than the crease. Meanwhile, after some fast and furious trading and drafting, the yawning gap between the NHL's haves and have-nots seems to be narrowing. With the retirement of Montreal General Manager—and guiding genius—Sam Pollock, who steered Les Canadiens to nine Stanley Cup championships in 14 years, rivals even have reason to hope that the Canadiens might someday be beaten. However, unless Guy Lafleur, Larry Robinson and Ken Dryden suddenly decide to join Pollock in retirement, it will not happen this season. As for happenings, the highlight of the season will be February's Super Showdown, a best-of-three series between the NHL All-Star team and the Soviet Union's National team at Madison Square Garden. "Our league's prestige will be on the line in those games against the Soviets," says one NHL official. "If we lose that series, we might as well call off the rest of our season and present them with the Stanley Cup."

NHL As though the departure of Sam Pollock wasn't enough, MONTREAL was also hit by the unexpected retirement—at age 26—of sturdy fourth defenseman Bill Nyrop, who departed with his new bride and his memories after pronouncing himself "satisfied" with having accumulated three NHL championship rings in as many seasons. No sooner was Nyrop gone than Brian Engblom, the fifth defenseman, suffered a fractured jaw in an exhibition game, courtesy of an elbow throw by Philadelphia's Paul Holmgren. Oh well, until Engblom returns next month, the Canadiens will just have to call on their talented sixth, seventh or eighth defenseman to help All-Stars Larry Robinson, Serge Savard and Guy Lapointe protect goalies Ken Dryden and Bunny Larocque, who shared the Vezina trophy for lowest goals-against average the past two seasons.

Winning the Vezina is of highest priority to Coach Scotty Bowman, who keeps telling his troops that if the defense is sound, "the scoring will take care of itself." And so it does, thanks to three-time NHL scoring leader—and last



Philadelphia is bullish on feisty Center Ken Linseman

year's MVP—Guy Lafleur, and sharpshooters Steve Shutt, Yvan Courmoyer, Pierre Mondou and Jacques Lemaire. Add Bob Gainey, the Frank Selke Trophy winner, as the game's best defensive forward; face-off whiz Doug Jarvis; and Mark Napier, a WHA defector who scored 33 goals last season, and you have a juggernaut unlikely to be derailed by anything less than a series of injuries or some serious post-Pollock, front-office infighting. Unlike Nyrop, the remaining Canadiens are not satisfied with three straight Stanley Cups. "With what we have, if we all do our jobs, we can only improve," says Robinson. Which is quite a statement for a team that has lost just 29 of its last 240 regular-season games.

BOSTON awarded Terry O'Reilly a fat new contract that enables him to dine at Loch Ober's any time he wants to. Not on O'Reilly's life. The hardworking right wing prefers the company of the other members of the Bruins' Lunch-pail A.C., hard-nosed operatives like Don Marcotte and Stan Jonathan. And now the Bruins also have rookie Al Seedor, a checking specialist left wing whose taste for the corners makes him, as Coach Don Cherry puts it, "a Boston-style player." Seeking another offensive-minded defenseman to help Brad Park, the Bruins traded for veteran Dick Redmond, and with Park now out until December following knee surgery last week, Redmond will have to quarterback Boston's power play. The Bruins hope for much-needed speed from young Dwight Foster, a center who played only 14 games last year as a rookie before undergoing his knee surgery. If Foster gets into gear, if aging Center Jean Ratelle has another good season, if 6' 5" Center Peter McNab can match his 41-goal season and if Park and Gossie Gerry Cheevers come back strong from their knee operations, Boston can dream of meeting Montreal in the Stanley Cup finals for a third straight year.

"There's no reason to panic yet—maturity takes time," says NEW YORK ISLANDERS Coach Al Arbour, whose team won the Patrick Division in its sixth season, only to be upset by Toronto in the 1978 Stanley Cup quarterfinals. Powered by Denis Potvin, the Norris Trophy winner as the best defenseman, All-Star Center Bryan Trottier and 50-goal scorer Mike Bossy—Rookies of the Year in '74, '76 and '78, respectively—the Islanders nevertheless lacked leadership and were loath to match muscle with the Maple Leafs. The arrival of wing John Tonelli from the WHA will help in the muscle department, but Arbour still is searching for a leader. In time he may not have to look past Stefan Persson, the Swedish defenseman who had a spectacular (50 assists), if unheralded, rookie season. On the whole, standing pretty much pat may have been the only prudent course to take: with the debt-ridden Islanders changing ownership to stay afloat, General Manager Bill Torrey was up to his ubiquitous bow tie in off-season financial scrambling.



The Kings lost crown jewels Vachon and Sargent

There is such a thing in hockey as a one-goal-and-a-cloud-of-elbows strategy, and TORONTO employs it to perfection. Let the wondrous Darryl Sittler or the sharpshooting Lanny McDonald, the Maple Leafs' only authentic scoring threats, light up the red bulb, and checking specialists like Jimmy Jones and Jerry Butler and defensemen like Borje Salming and Ian Turnbull immediately go into a shell to protect the lead. If rivals show signs of impatience, they are straightened out in a hurry by combative wingers Tiger Williams and Dan Maloney and Defenseman Dave Hutchinson, who was signed as a free agent to help direct traffic in front of goaltender Mike Palmater. It sometimes makes for dull hockey, but the knowledgeable fans in Maple Leaf Gardens rightly credit Coach Roger Neilson with molding his generally unspectacular personnel into a contender.

Nobody can accuse PHILADELPHIA of complacency. Wielding the broom after the Flyers were rudely eliminated from the Stanley Cup semifinals in five games—one more than they lasted the previous year—GM Keith Allen traded veterans Orest Kindrachuk, Tom Bladen and Ross Lonsberry for Pittsburgh's first-round draft choice, which he used to grab 6' 3", 210-pound Behn Wilson, a lippy and rugged defenseman. With a first-round pick extracted from the New York Rangers as compensation for the loss of Coach Fred Shero, Allen drafted 20-year-old Center Ken Linseman, a speedster who had scored 38 goals for Birmingham in the WHA. In exhibition play, however, Linseman dis-

continued

HOCKEY 1978-79

continued



Jean Pronovost brings his firepower to the Flames

tinguished himself mainly by pulling up the jersey of Ranger Ulf Nilsson during a disgraceful donnybrook at Madison Square Garden and then laughing at the Swede for not fighting back. With its own first-round selection—shades of Sam Pollock, that makes three first-round picks—the Flyers added Danny Lucas, a right winger of promise. To get more scoring punch on the wings, Rick MacLeish, a 31-goal scorer last season, has been switched from center to left wing on a line with Captain Bobby Clarke and the pugnacious Holmgren. For all that, unless goalie Bernie Parent can return to form and stay there, new Coach Bob McCammon is unlikely to take the Flyers any further in the playoffs than Shero did last season.

It is not true that DETROIT Center Dale McCourt, the slick playmaker who led the Red Wings in goals (33) and points (72) as a rookie last season, has changed his name to Dale Supreme Court. But by winning an injunction to block an arbitrator from awarding him to Los Angeles, McCourt has set the stage for a lot of far-reaching litigation. In the meantime, Detroit enjoys the services of both McCourt and Goaltender Rogie Vachon, whose signing with the Red Wings as a free agent had prompted the arbitrator to send McCourt to the L.A. Kings as compensation. Vachon gives the Red Wings the sort of All-Star-caliber goaltending that last season's Cinderella team conspicuously lacked. Nevertheless the Red Wings doubled their win total. Vachon and Detroit's second-year stars, McCourt, Defenseman Reed Larson and scrappy Winger Paul Woods, are joined by another of last season's surprises, Center Andre St. Lau-

rent, who scored 32 goals after being acquired from the Islanders last October, and by first-round draft choice Willie Huber, a 6' 5" German-born defenseman who should shore up Detroit's shaky defense.

BUFFALO failed to make changes although G.M. Punch Imlach had solemnly promised a wholesale—and much-needed—shakeup following the Sabres' usual el fondo in the Stanley Cup playoffs. And so the Sabres will once again try to prove that dashing Gilbert Perreault can locate the net when it counts, and that wingers other than feisty Captain Danny Gare will venture into the corners. Paging Richard Martin, Buffalo must also find somebody—Bob Sauve?—to provide relief for talented but overworked goalie Don Edwards. Rookies Larry Playfair, a body-thumping defenseman, and Tony McKegney, a big, fast winger, both merit ice time, but

this raises the basic and nagging question: Does Coach Marcel Pronovost dare allow some of his tired but high-priced stars to languish on the bench?

Already the league's biggest club, ATLANTA adds some much-needed quickness and scoring ability with the arrival from Pittsburgh of speedy Gene Carr and 40-goal scorer Jean Pronovost. These two join the likes of Tom Lysiak, Eric Vail and Willi Plett to give the Flames what Coach Fred Creighton calls "as good a set of forwards as any team in the league—except for Montreal." It only remains for Atlanta's defensemen to stop making costly mistakes, and because they are mostly young fellows like Dick Mulhern, Dave Shand and first-round draft choice Brad Marsh—none of them is older than 23—they just might. Then the Flames will be one of hockey's best teams, which they briefly gave promise of becoming before Detroit stunned them in the opening round of last spring's playoffs.

The situation in CHICAGO is pure soap opera. Can Bobby Orr, hockey's fabulous invalid, overcome six knee operations and play again? Can Center Stan Mikita, the NHL's oldest player, coax another productive season out of his 38-year-old body? Stay tuned as the Black Hawks see how far they can go with effective penalty killing, the goaltending prowess of Tony Esposito and defensive depth that would be greatly enhanced, of course, by Orr, whose left knee has held up so far. The Black Hawks need more goals from their wingers, none of whom scored more than 23 last season. Top draft pick Tim Higgins should score at least 23 himself. "We want to build with young players, the way Dallas has in football," G.M.-Coach Bob Pulford insists, thinking of Higgins and 21-year-old Defenseman Doug Wilson.

Not since P. T. Barnum brought over Jenny Lind have folks in NEW YORK been so excited over a Swedish import. Or, in this case, two of them. Plucked out of the WHA by the Rangers for \$900,000 apiece over two years, Center Ulf Nilsson and Right Winger Anders Hedberg add

continued

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Illustration by Peter Dinklage. Photo by David H. Jones. Photo by David H. Jones.

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We heard tales of hidden gold in the mountains east of Phoenix. They tell how miners who discovered it were mysteriously massacred. How an old prospector, "The Dutchman," rediscovered it. And how he, too, took its secret to the grave.

**We searched the same canyons
the Dutchman had followed.**

These mountains seemed a natural place to hide a case of Canadian Club. So we found a wrangler, and with our C.C. tied on a surefooted mule, we set out. We would seek a hiding place among the sites of the Dutchman's legend... and perhaps his gold too. His

last words were about a needle-like rock near his mine. So we kept such a rock in sight as we followed narrow canyons.

**C.C. and mountain
stream water.**

With nightfall, we pitched camp

below the needle-rock, and toasted our saddle sores with C.C. Next day we rode northwest to a well-traveled "Indian trail" and soon buried the Canadian Club. To find it, seek a place on that trail where the needle-rock is in sight, then head for lakes that weren't here when the Dutchman was.

A strange rock, an abandoned camp.

Seek the rock pictured here (it won't look this way from the trail) and ride toward it. Follow a trail that's more stream bed in places, past a lone cactus that grows from a high rock outcropping, to the end. Near here we made camp again 'neath a small tree where the distant needle-rock can be seen. Within sight of our fire, we buried our case of Canadian Club.

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Canadian Club



new menace to an attack that also includes 40-goal scorer Pat Hickey and Center Phil Esposito, whose 634 career goals place him second only to Gordie Howe. And flashy Right Winger Don Murdoch, suspended from the NHL following a drug bust, may be reinstated at midseason. Nick Fotai, who was born in Staten Island and once won a Police Athletic League boxing championship, will play bodyguard for the Swedes. The defense and goaltending are leaky, as usual, but Toronto's Neilson predicts that under Shero, the new \$250,000-a-year general manager and coach, the Rangers will be the NHL's most improved club.

Undeterred by the unfavorable precedent set by Kaiser-Fraser, MINNESOTA hopes that the pooling of resources by the North Stars and now-defunct Barons, two chronic losers, will produce one winner. Ex-Baron Gilles Meloche, an able goalie, and Dennis Maruk, a stylish center, will help the reconstituted North Stars, a club further strengthened by the arrival of free-agent Defenseman Gary Sargent from Los Angeles and Center Bobby Smith, the No. 1 overall pick in the amateur draft. But new Coach Harry Howell may find a playoff berth elusive: the No Stars, as they have been called in recent years, were assigned to the tough Adams Division, meaning they must face Boston, Buffalo and Toronto eight times each.

Centers Marcel Dionne and Butch Goring are still around to put the puck in the nets, but LOS ANGELES otherwise looks as if it had been hit by a Charles Finley-style liquidation sale. Owner Jack Kent Cooke kept his wallet closed, so gone are free agents Vachon (to Detroit), Hutchinson (Toronto) and Sargent (Minnesota). Owing to the McCourt imbroglio, what new Coach Bob Berry has so far received in return—mainly Defensemen Brian Glennie and Rick Hampton and Forward Steve Jensen—is not nearly enough. Ron Grahame, acquired from Boston at the expense of the Kings' No. 1 draft pick next spring, will try to replace Vachon.

In trading its first-round draft choice to Philadelphia for veterans Kindrachuk, Bladen and Lonsberry, PITTSBURGH seemed to be going the George Allen route. In dispatching Defenseman Dave Burrows to Toronto, however, the Penguins took in exchange Center George Ferguson and Defenseman Randy Carlyle, both younger players. The team's new owners are anxious to stanch the club's flow of red ink, and obviously crave change and plenty of it. Although Coach John Wilson promises that Pittsburgh will make the playoffs for the first time in four years, it may take longer than he thinks for the parts to mesh, especially if Center Gregg Sheppard, acquired from Boston, sticks by his refusal to report.

Season-ticket sales have declined in VANCOUVER for the first time in the franchise's nine-year history, and it is hard to believe that the Canucks' lurid new orange-yellow-and-black uniforms, recommended as "more positive" by marketing psychologists, will bring back the stragglers. But the addition of

Center Bill Derlago, the No. 4 pick overall in the amateur draft, and three imports from Sweden's national team—playmaker Thomas Gradin and mobile Defensemen Lars Zetterstrom and Lars Lindgren—just might do the trick. New Coach Harry Neale says that rookie Goalie Glen Hanlon "could be not just good but great."

Vancouver will battle COLORADO for the second playoff spot in the weak-sister Smythe Division, a struggle the Rockies won last year with a 19-40-21 record. With a full season under his belt, bruising young Defenseman Barry Beck figures to get better, if that's possible. Meanwhile, the Rockies hope for consistency from Right Winger Wilf Pasetment, who slumped to 31 goals a year ago, and for the successful return of Center Paul Gardner, who had scored 30 goals when he fractured his back just after midseason. But the youthful Rockies continue to suffer bad luck. Top draft choice Mike Gillis, a winger, tore knee ligaments in an intrasquad game, and won't play for three months.

That noise you hear coming from the Checkerdome in ST. LOUIS is not somebody munching Rice Chex. It's Steve Durbano and Gord Gallant, a couple of tough guys just in from the WHA, knocking people around. This is meant to camouflage the fact that, aside from undependable Center Mike (Shaky) Walton, ironman Garry Unger and first-round draftee Wayne Babych, there are no Blues with anything resembling a scoring touch. St. Louis will vie for the distinction of the NHL's worst record with WASHINGTON, whose win total steadily increased during its first three seasons from 8 to 11 to 24. Then last season, despite the emergence of Defensemen Robert Picard and Rick Green, the Capitals slipped to 17 wins. That sound you hear coming from Landover, Md. is new Coach Danny Bessile scratching his head.

—JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

CONTINUED



Nitzson and Hedberg joined to New York for megabucks

HOCKEY 1978-79

Continued



En-Bull John Garrett should have a Whaler of a time

WHA

The Birmingham Bulls, who seemed to be goners, are back, the Houston Aeros are goners, and consolidation with the NHL seems as unlikely as Gordie Howe's retirement. Still another merger fling—No. 7, in case you are keeping count—fizzled last June, so the Incredible Shrinking League, which started with 12 teams in 1972 and has had franchises in 28 different cities, opens its seventh season with seven teams, five new coaches and a lot of rich teeny-boppers. Howard Baldwin, who wears two hats as the WHA president and managing general partner of the New England Whalers, is, as always, semi-optimistic. "I'd be a liar if I said the league is where I want it to be financially," he says, "but the franchises have finally begun to stabilize. We're in much better shape this year than we've ever been. Things have started to change."

The major change for the 1978 AVCO Cup champion WINNIPEG Jets is the loss of most of its Swedish contingent. Forwards Ulf Nilsson and Anders Hedberg jumped to the New York Rangers; Wing Dan Labraaten defected to Detroit; and Defenseman Mike Ford went to Stockholm. The Jets will also miss Goaltender Gary Bromley, who split to Vancouver of the NHL. To plug holes, Winnipeg purchased the rights to many of the defunct Houston Aeros, including the forward line of Rich Preston (25 goals), playmaker Terry

Ruskowski (15 goals) and Morris Lukowich (40 goals). From the junior ranks, the Jets signed Center Dale Yakowich, a second-round Montreal pick, and Defenseman Paul MacKinnon, who preferred Winnipeg to Washington. Joe Duley's 3.30 goals-against average was second best in the WHA, but understudy Markus Mattsson is erratic.

Winnipeg co-owner and Left Wing Bobby Hull lost one set of Swedish linemates, Nilsson and Hedberg, but now may work with another Swedish tandem—Center Kent Nilsson (no relation to Ulf), the WHA's rookie of the year with 42 goals and 65 assists, and Right Wing Willy Lindstrom, a 30-goal scorer.

NEW ENGLAND Whaler Gordie Howe was told he would have a spot on the team "till the roof caves in." So when the Hartford Civic Center's roof collapsed last January, Baldwin received a frantic phone call from Howe: "Howard, we must renegotiate!" The Whalers, who should be the best team in the league, will play in nearby Springfield, Mass. this season while awaiting the reconstruction of the Hartford arena.

The 50-year-old Howe is coming off a 34-goal, 96-point 30th major league season, sons Mark and Marty return for another showing of *All in the Family*, and the team has further improved the stingiest defense in the league (269 goals allowed) with the addition of John Garrett from Birmingham. Garrett, who will share goaltending with Al Smith, almost singlehandedly led the Bulls into the playoffs last year, and has 12 WHA career shutouts. New Coach Bill Dineen arrived from Houston with Center André Lacroix, the WHA's alltime leading scorer (219 goals, 491 assists). An adroit playmaker, Lacroix (see page 58) will work between Gordie and Mark. New England's weakness may be on the right wing. Gordie has shifted there from center to help out, but the Whalers will need big scoring seasons from Johnny (Pie) McKenzie and Warren Miller, an acquisition from Quebec.

In the storm-tossed financial waters of the WHA, the EDMONTON Oilers are a calm sea: they've never missed a payday. Edmonton lost a mere \$1 million in 1977-78 while leading the league in attendance (average: 10,235). The Oilers are so confident of an overturn from the other league, their ticket office promises season subscribers that they can renew their seats next year "either in the WHA or the NHL." Coach Glen Sather's club spent the off-season training in Europe; acquired NHL veterans such as Jim Neilson, Stan Weir and Claire Alexander; and signed high NHL draft selections such as Left Wing Dave Hunter, a first-round pick of the Montreal Canadiens. If Dennis Sobchuk isn't injured again, Ron Chipperfield (33 goals) won't be the only dependable center on the roster. Paul Shmyr anchors a defense that Neilson should help stabilize with his experience, and Dave Dryden and Ed Walsh should provide efficiency, if not brilliance, in the goal.

The WHA's major coup of the off-season was the signing by QUEBEC of Right Wing Danny Geoffrion, Montreal's No. 1 draft pick—and Boom-Boom's little boy—who

continued

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HOCKEY 1978-79

continued

got a \$1 million, five-year contract. Left Wing Richard David also bypassed the rouge, blanc et bleu for the Nordiques' plain bleu. WHA scoring champ Marc Tardif (65 goals, 89 assists) and linemate Reil Cloutier (56 goals, 73 assists) provide firepower up front. Dale Hoganson, back after a brief stay in Birmingham, will try to caulk the Nordiques' leaky defense, which allowed 347 goals, just two fewer than the Nordiques scored. New Coach Jacques Demers must do something about his team's dismal record away from the Coliseum: Quebec had a WHA-high 29 wins on home ice last season but had only 11 triumphs on the road.

The CINCINNATI Stingers nearly went kaput over the summer. Only a strong response to a season-ticket campaign (2,100 new subscriptions) kept the Stingers going. Super Center Robbie Fiorek (59 goals, 50 assists), Wing Rick Dudley (30 goals, 41 assists) and 18-year-old rookie Right Wing Mike Gartner provide the offense for new Coach Floyd Smith, but the defense is so weak that Goaltender Michel Dion once again will suffer from shell shock.

INDIANAPOLIS has Center Wayne Gretzky, but not much more. The Racers signed "Great Grits" to a seven-

year, \$1.7 million pact after the 17-year-old flash scored 70 goals last season for the amateur Sault Ste. Marie Greyhounds. Whichever he does for the Racers, Gretzky cannot possibly do enough to cover up the WHA's worst defense.

The WHA got into the teen-age flesh market when BIRMINGHAM signed 19-year-old Ken Linseman last season. Although the WHA prohibits the signing of so-called underage players—those who have not reached the age of 20—a U.S. court has ruled that the league cannot prevent teams from using players below that age. Linseman has been sold to Philadelphia, but Bulls owner John Bassett and Coach John Brophy have added seven more players from the teenage pool, including Keith Crowder and Craig Harrisburg. With tough guys Steve Durbano and Frank Beaton and scorers Linseman and Mark Napier having moved to the NHL, these untried youngsters will have to produce—or else.

Will all seven teams survive the season? Will someone start a franchise in Hawaii? Can the WHA find happiness—and solvency—while playing second fiddle to the NHL? Says Baldwin, "We've got seven teams. That's one more than the NHL had 11 years ago." —KATHY BLUMENSTOCK



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MAN ON THE MOVE

André Lacroix is the WHA's alltime leading scorer but a pox on league franchises. He has played for five teams and all five have gone broke. Will New England be next?

BY BRUCE NEWMAN





PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARTON SILVERMAN

Just beyond the knot of quaint colonial-looking shops and pubs, past the quaint little colonial church and all the quaint little colonial people of Avon, Conn., there is a quiet lane called Climax Road that parts two thickets of trees. Climax runs up a small hill, then jogs past a quaint, quiet, colonial graveyard. Even county planners must have their little joke.

A left at the first headstone off Climax takes you to the home of André Lacroix, the quaint little semi-colonial (he is 33) center for the the New England Whalers of the World Hockey Association. Lacroix, his wife Suzanne and their two children moved into the house two months ago, so André hasn't had time to visit the cemetery that lies brooding at the end of his block. For the time being Lacroix can imagine that the graveyard is populated by the ghosts of the WHA, franchises that were weak or sickly and had to be rooted out.

Lacroix knows all about this Hamlet business, in his seven seasons with the WHA he has watched five franchises expire around him, and he is now with his sixth team. All of that might not be so bad if Lacroix were just an ordinary journeyman hockey player, but with 710 points in six seasons he is the league's alltime leading scorer and one of its most formidable stars.

So shed a tear along with Lacroix for the New York Rand-

continued

ers, New York Golden Blades, New Jersey Knights, San Diego Mariners, Houston Aeros, Philadelphia Blazers, Vancouver Blazers, Calgary Broncos, Alberta Oilers, Calgary Cowboys, Minnesota Fighting Saints, Chicago Cougars, Denver Spurs, Ottawa Civics, Ottawa Nationals, Toronto Toros, Miami Screaming Eagles, Los Angeles Sharks, Michigan Stags, Baltimore Blades, Cleveland Crusaders, Minnesota New Fighting Saints and Phoenix Roadrunners. R.I.P. Dayton and San Francisco, too.

In spite of Lacroix' accomplishments on the ice—twice he has been the WHA scoring champion, and until a sprained ankle sidelined him in midseason last year he had played in 443 consecutive league games—his teams have shown a distressing tendency to wind up in the sports world's East River wearing cement skates.

To be fair about it, Lacroix personally was involved in the deaths of only the Philadelphia Blazers, the New York Golden Blades, the New Jersey Knights, the San Diego Mariners and the Houston Aeros. But his reputation as a plague on solvency is prodigious, and it preceded him to New England. "A lot of the guys on the Whalers have already asked me if I would mind not buying a house here," says Lacroix. "They've heard that every time I buy a house the team I'm playing for folds."

André Lacroix don't get no respect. And yes... He has been selected for every All-Star Game in the league's brief history, played for Team Canada against the Soviets in 1974 and is admired by hockey connoisseurs for his deft stick-handling. "André doesn't have great speed," says Whaler Coach Bill Dineen, who also was Lacroix' coach last sea-

son in Houston, "but he's very elusive and hard to hit. There are some guys that the puck just seems to follow around, and that's the way it is with André. The hardest thing to do in hockey is pass the puck well, and André does it as well as anybody."

Lacroix' ability to deal the puck to his wings effectively will be crucial to the Whalers' Avco Cup hopes this season. To Lacroix' right on the Whalers' No. 1 line will be the venerable (50 years' worth of venerable) Gordie Howe, and to his left will be Gordie's 23-year-old son Mark. For Lacroix, this means that he will have centered for both Bobby Hull and Gordie Howe in his peripatetic career.

Lacroix has never been a charismatic player like Hull or Howe or Bobby Orr, and perhaps there is a certain symmetry in the fact that the best scorer in the second-best league has had to suffer all the same sort of indignities the WHA itself has had to endure. Last winter, as if in anticipation of Lacroix' arrival, the roof of the Hartford Civic Center, the Whalers' home, collapsed under the weight of a heavy snow. The Whalers have had to relocate until 1979 in the smaller Springfield, Mass. Civic Center, and their fans in Hartford must make the 35-mile drive up I-91 to follow the team.

That is the kind of disaster that has dogged the WHA and, in a smaller way, Lacroix. "Everybody tells me I've finally gotten lucky because the Whalers are a solid franchise and aren't likely to fold," says Lacroix. "Well, I once played for Ray Kroc, who is worth about \$500 million, and when he decided he didn't like hockey anymore, his team went under. If I'm able to stay in New England even one season, I'll consider it a bonus."

Lacroix never dreamed he would spend most of his hockey career living out of moving cartons. He was the last of 14 children in his family, and to this day his parents still live in the house in Lauzon, Quebec where he was born. Lacroix started playing hockey at the age of 12—late by Canadian standards—and he learned quickly to make every shot on goal count. "My father was an oil deliveryman and never made more than \$75 or \$80 a week," says Lacroix. "A hockey stick in those days cost one dollar, so I was always afraid to take a slap shot for fear that I might break my stick. You don't break many sticks with a wrist shot. My father used to use tape and nails to hold the sticks together so they would last for a long time."

When he was 18 Lacroix went to Peterborough, Ontario to play junior hockey, and in two seasons he scored 239 points, leading the Ontario Hockey Association in scoring the first year (1963) and narrowly missing the title the second. Twice he also won the Red Tilson Award as the most valuable

continued



The family bounced around California in a dune buggy but may need automobiles in New England



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player in the Ontario Hockey Association, once beating out Bobby Orr of the Oshawa Generals. But Lacroix spoke not a word of English when he arrived in Peterborough, and he found few people in Ontario who spoke French.

"I used to hang around a bowling alley in Peterborough because the people there knew I didn't speak the language and they were very nice to me," he says. "I decided I wasn't going to sit in my room for two years and stare at the walls, so at night when I came home from practice I would write down 25 or 30 verbs in English and study them. I figured if I could learn the verbs, the rest would follow." Lacroix also lugged around a pocket dictionary, and by his second year in Peterborough he spoke passable English. His English now is impeccable, except for his use of hockey's maddening rhetorical "eh?"

Turning pro in 1966, Lacroix played two seasons with the minor league Quebec Aces. In 1967-68 Lacroix was leading the American League in scoring after 54 games (41 goals, 46 assists) when he was brought up to the NHL by the Philadelphia Flyers, a first-year expansion team. In 18 games with Philadelphia, Lacroix had six goals and eight assists and helped the Flyers capture first place in the six-club expansion division. He followed that with 24-, 22- and 20-goal seasons for the Flyers, who were not known as the Broad St. Bullies in those days, but his playing style—finesse, not muscle—never endeared him to Philadelphia coaches.

"I know what magic Lacroix can flash with the puck," said Vic Stasiuk, who coached Lacroix in Philadelphia for one season. "The thing is, his magic doesn't work against certain clubs, particularly those that employ a tight checking game. When they do this, all too often André can't play his normal game." Also, Stasiuk had a younger center on his roster named Bobby Clarke, and by the end of the 1970-71 season Lacroix was seeing only spot duty.

Two significant things happened to Lacroix while he was still playing for the Flyers. First, part of the roof of the Philadelphia Spectrum blew off in a windstorm in 1968. Then Flyers President Bill Putnam told Lacroix, "As long as I'm in this chair, you'll be with the Flyers." Brimming with confidence and feeling secure, Lacroix bought a house that year in Delaware County, Pa. and planned to settle down with his new bride Suzanne. But in a matter of months Putnam departed the Flyers' organization, somebody else sat in his chair, and Lacroix was traded to the Chicago Black Hawks at the beginning of the 1971-72 season.

"That was the start of our real-estate ventures," says Suzanne. "We decided to keep the Philadelphia house, which was a good move psychologically. My son calls it his 'blue house' because it has blue carpeting."

Lacroix spent a miserable season in Chicago, scoring only 11 points and writhing most of the season at the end of the bench. He also had to suffer the outrageous barbs of snippy Chicago Coach Billy Reay, who called the 5' 8", 175-pound Lacroix "the first small French-Canadian center I've ever seen who can't skate." Quite understandably, when the WHA was born in 1972, Lacroix leaped at the opportunity to join it.

The Quebec Nordiques originally owned the WHA rights to Lacroix but traded them to the Miami Screaming Eagles.



No great skater: playmaker Lacroix piles up points with deft passes

Unfortunately, the Miami franchise succumbed before it ever left the ground. Lacroix was subsequently peddled to the Philadelphia Blazers—his third team in a matter of days—and his travels were really just beginning.

Philadelphia owner Bernard Brown gave Lacroix a five-year contract at double the \$30,000 he was making in Chicago and then obligingly threw in a fistful of incentive clauses with bonuses for scoring. Lacroix has always negotiated his own contracts and he has shown a remarkable sense of his market value and a shrewdness for fine-print language. By finessing the scoring bonuses from Brown, Lacroix earned himself an extra \$20,000 after leading WHA scorers with 50 goals and 74 assists that first season.

"During the past six years I've signed three five-year contracts and one six-year contract," says Lacroix, "and I've never been traded in that time. I've also made it a rule that I don't sign a new contract until the old one has been settled. I've never been shortchanged a single dollar in the WHA." Moreover, as franchises collapsed all about him, Lacroix never failed to come out of the mess with a new contract for more money. Of course, it is difficult to say how many of Lacroix' teams faltered partly because they could not meet his salary.

In any case, the paycheck that Lacroix now receives from the Whalers is covered by funds from the Whalers, the league, Ray Kroc, Ronald McDonald, you name it. "To tell

continued

the truth," says Lacroix, "I don't know who pays what or where the money comes from. But every two weeks the money comes, and I don't ask questions."

Nobody was asking many questions during that first boisterous year of the WHA and, naturally, mistakes were made—*and millions of dollars were lost.* Says Lacroix, "I probably could have owned a franchise those first couple of years. A lot of the owners thought the way to increase attendance was to go out and hire a bunch of goons, which showed how little they really knew about hockey. The wise owners signed the Bobby Hulls and Gordie Howes, and that brought people in for a while. Now the owners are finally learning that they have to bring along the young players from the juniors."

In his own hilarious way Bernard Brown, the Philadelphia trucking magnate who owned the Blazers, was an exemplary WHA first-year owner. "The first time Brown met with our general manager," says Lacroix, "he said he wanted all of the players to report for work at nine in the morning and stay until five each night. He expected us to practice for a while, work around the building for a bit, then practice some more. All he knew was that his truck drivers worked from nine to five, and he couldn't understand why he was paying us all that money to work for two or three hours a day."

When Brown, who also had Derek Sanderson under contract for \$2.7 million, lost interest in that sort of goldbricking after the 1972-73 season, he sold his team to buyers in Vancouver. Lacroix, however, became a free agent because of a clause in all his contracts that permits him to refuse to play for a Canadian team. The agreement, he says, is strictly for business convenience. At any rate, instead of going to Vancouver, Lacroix was on his way to the New York Raiders, who became the New York Golden Blades while Lacroix was en route.

The gold paint was barely dry on the blades of the Blades' skates when it became apparent there was going to be trouble. Playing in Madison Square Garden was one of the league's big goals, but when it finally happened it was a colossal bummer. "You could hear people talking all the way across the arena," recalls Suzanne Lacroix. "The Garden was great, but 4,000 people in a building that seats 17,500 was depressing."

Meanwhile, Lacroix had signed a new five-year contract with the Golden Blades, purchased a new home in West Orange, N.J. and began filling it with furniture. By October the team was in bankruptcy court, and Lacroix had his new house up for sale.

The league abruptly moved the Golden Blades to the Philadelphia suburb of Cherry Hill, N.J., called them the New Jersey Knights and asked the players if they would use their own sticks and whatever equipment they could scrounge up until the cash-flow problems eased up. None of the Blades' uniforms, pads or sticks could be moved down from New York without running the risk of having the Knights' gate receipts, such as they were, attached by creditors. "And we were the first big league team New Jersey had ever had," says Suzanne. "At least we called ourselves big league."

"There was no dressing room in the Cherry Hill arena big enough for the visiting teams to use," recalls Lacroix, "so they had to dress at their hotels when they played us. To see Bobby Hull and Gordie Howe climbing off a bus, in the snow, with all their equipment on, made you feel 25 years behind the times."

Which, as it turned out, was right about where the New Jersey Knights were. They finished 32 games out of first place that 1973-74 season, and by the opening of the following season the team had been moved again, this time to San Diego. By the end of the Mariners'—and Lacroix'—second season, in 1976, owner Joe Schwartz was unable to meet the team payroll. For the final month of the schedule and throughout the Avco Cup playoffs the San Diego players competed without pay. "During the off-season, the league had to make up one schedule with San Diego in, one with San Diego out," says Lacroix. "No one knew if there would be a San Diego for the 1976-77 season."

Then Kroc, the McDonald's hamburger tycoon who also owns the San Diego Padres, decided that, after all, a puck looked pretty much like a Quarter-Pounder. He bought the Mariners and signed Lacroix to a new, guaranteed contract for six years and more than \$1 million. Lacroix settled comfortably into the Southern California way of life, cruising around in a dune buggy and a van, and his children, André Jr. and Chantal, adopted a cocker spaniel which they named Martin, after the team.

"The first two years we were in San Diego," says Lacroix, "we rented a place because we didn't know how long the team would last. But when Kroc came along, we bought a house with a Jacuzzi and a pool and started looking for schools for the kids. Eight months after I signed the papers on the house, we had to put it up for sale."

When Kroc scuttled the Mariners after the 1976-77 season, Lacroix once again went franchise shopping. "I chose Houston because the Aeros had been around for six years, and I thought that with their new building [the Summit] they would be included in any merger with the NHL. We decided to have a house built for us in Houston. So, of course, at Christmas the team almost went under. When I heard that the team might fold, I didn't even blink. My attitude was, 'So what?' I had tried to choose teams that had a good chance to stay in the league, and that obviously didn't work. So I decided that whatever was going to happen, well, let it happen."

To everyone's surprise, Kenneth Schnitzer, who owned the Summit, came to the rescue. He bought the Aeros and managed to keep them afloat for the remainder of the 1977-78 season. The family's new home was completed last March. By July, though, the Aeros had folded, and the Lacroix house, barely occupied, was up for sale.

Schnitzer eventually sold the Houston players to Winnipeg, meaning that Lacroix was once more a free agent. After consulting with his lawyer, he signed with the Whalers. "They have the most stable organization in the league, eh?" says Lacroix wryly. Out on Climax Road, you could almost hear the low laughter as it rumbled beneath the headstones, six feet under.

A large eagle with its wings spread wide, flying over a Buick Riviera car. The eagle's wings are a mix of brown and orange, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The car is a dark color, possibly black or dark blue, and is parked on a rocky, uneven surface. The background is a light, hazy sky.

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We've stepped up to the Pac-10, and that means playing with the big boys," said Arizona State Coach Frank Kush before the Sun Devils' first game ever against No. 2-ranked Southern California. When it was over, the Sun Devils showed that when they stepped up they hadn't stepped out of their class. Final score: Arizona State 20, USC 7.

That night game was a fitting climax to a Saturday filled with disaster and close calls for many of the nation's top-ranked teams. Altogether, half of the Associated Press' Top 20 were losers. Half of the 20 teams had been undefeated; only four of them remained so Sunday morning. Among the latter were No. 3 Penn State and No. 4 Arkansas, both of which had the weekend off. And of the four Top Ten teams that did win, only one, No. 8 Nebraska, had an easy time of it.

Before leaving the WAC to join the Pac-10 this season, Kush had said, "Yeah, it will be nice to be in a bigger puddle. But you run into fewer big wins, hoping maybe to knock off a USC or a UCLA every five years." Clearly, Kush was apprehensive.

The Trojans, on the other hand, were confident. And why not? They had beaten highly regarded Alabama, then dumped Michigan State 30-3, thereby avoiding one of those poll-dropping let-downs after a big game, and were raring to go after a week off. They had brought 3,000 of their fans, plus their 270-piece marching band, to Tempe. Few among them were daunted by Steve Hicks' 40-yard field goal that gave the Sun Devils a 3-0 halftime lead. Surely the swift, massive and talented Trojans would get rolling in the second half.

Surely, they did not. Instead, it was the Sun Devils, directed by junior Quarterback Mark Malone, who were on the move throughout the last two quarters. Backing them up were their rooters, who were scoring their own victory by drowning out the USC fans' "A-S who?" catcalls with chants of "U-S what?"

With 5:48 of the third period gone, Malone capped a 38-yard drive, following Defensive End Bob Kohrs' recovery of a Paul McDonald fumble, with a one-yard plunge into the end zone. The kick was good to make the score Arizona State 10, USC 0. Before the third period was over, Malone made it 16-0 by passing 16 yards to John Mittleer, and

Hicks tacked on the extra point. An interception by Cornerback Kim Anderson, the first of two he made, had set up the score. By the time the game ended, Malone had completed 14 of 22 passes for 167 yards and had rushed 19 times for 139 yards.

Arizona State's defense was equally impressive. In addition to Anderson's interceptions, Kohrs recovered three of USC's four fumbles. So well did Kohrs and his cohorts perform that USC gained only 70 yards. Charles White, who was second in the country in rushing with an average of 152.5 yards a game, struggled to 59 yards in 18 carries.

It was not until late in the fourth quarter, after the Sun Devils had gone ahead 20-0 on another field goal by Hicks, that the Trojans got on the scoreboard. A 31-yard pass from Paul McDonald to Dan Garcia with 33 seconds left enabled USC to stretch its scoring streak to 123 games. That hardly mattered to the state-record crowd of 71,138, which was delighted that Arizona State had proved it could play in a bigger puddle and not come out with mud in its eye.

The week's largest crowd—105,132 at Michigan Stadium—came to see the latest version of one of college football's ever-popular great traditional intrastate rivalries: No. 5 Michigan (4-0) vs. unranked Michigan State (1-3).

However, since Coach Bo Schembechler took over at Michigan, that rivalry has galed. After losing to the Spartans in 1969, his first season at the helm of the Wolverines, Schembechler had vowed, "I'll never lose to Michigan State again." Down through the years, Bo made those words stand up. His dominance of the Spartans was so complete that early last week Schembechler dared say, "A pure passing team can't beat us." Swimming up the prevailing attitude of the Wolverines were these words from a Michigan official, "It's like the twerp next door dropping by the bully's house for his annual beating, and the whole neighborhood coming out to watch."

With the whole neighborhood watching, the twerps slugged the bullies 24-15. Like USC, Michigan had been a 14-point favorite, and also like the Trojans, the Wolverines fell behind and never recovered. Michigan State zipped in front, leading 17-0 at halftime, Morten Andersen having booted a 38-yard field goal

An upsetting time for the Top Ten

Highly ranked USC, Michigan, Texas A&M and Pitt fizzled instead of fizzed



Mark Malone engineered a Sun Devil shocker

continued

and Alonzo Middleton having scored twice, first on a 10-yard pass from Ed Smith and then on a one-yard run.

But being behind was nothing new for Michigan, which in previous weeks had trailed Notre Dame 14-7 and Arizona 17-14 before winning. If anything, the Wolverines were a second-half squad, having outscored the opposition 77-0 in the final two quarters in the past four weeks. This time, though, Michigan's scoring was limited to a pair of three-yard runs, Rick Leach going over in the third quarter and Russell Davis in the fourth. But in between had come an 11-yard Michigan State scoring pass from Smith to Mark Brammer.

Michigan State's dominance was more conclusive than its nine-point victory indicated; it gained 496 yards (248 each on the ground and through the air), the most any team has amassed against the Wolverines since 1961. While Smith was on target with 20 of 36 passes, Leach made good on only five of 15 and had three picked off.

Asked to assess the consequences of Michigan's defeat and Ohio State's 27-16 loss to Purdue, Schembechler said, "What this means is that college football is getting more balanced."

"Is that so bad?" a reporter asked.
"It's very, very bad," he replied.

The Houston Cougars would disagree. The Cougars were an eight-point underdog against sixth-ranked Texas A&M for their Southwest Conference game in the Astrodome. The unbeaten Aggies were third in the nation in rushing defense (allowing 79.7 yards a game), eighth-best against the pass (80.5 yards), second in overall defense and third in points allowed (21 in four games); on offense they were second in rushing (397 yards), third in total yardage per game (485.7) and second in scoring with 170 points.

The two teams had one common opponent. Memphis State, which lost 58-0 to the Aggies but beat the Cougars 17-3. On top of that, Houston, though 3-1, had barely scraped past Baylor the week before and had outscored its opponents only 92-81.

But the two teams were playing football, not comparing statistics. Houston scored on five of its first seven possessions. Two of its touchdowns came on passes by Danny Davis, one a 43-yarder to Eric Herring, the other a 10-yarder to Willis Adams. Randy Love tallied twice

on runs of one and 16 yards, and Emmett King scored on a 12-yard jaunt. At the half, the Cougars led 33-0. And that's where the score stayed.

Texas A&M gained but 187 yards, as opposed to 331 by Houston, and lost three fumbles, including one at the Houston one-yard line. Curtis Dickey, whose 148.5-yard rushing average was the third best in the land, was limited to 25 yards in 14 cracks.

Although undefeated in four games, ninth-ranked Pittsburgh found itself in the novel position of being expected to lose by five points to a team that was unranked and 2-2. That team, though, was Notre Dame, the oddsmakers apparently feeling that playing on South Bend's hallowed turf would work wonders for the Irish. It did.

Notre Dame scored first on a one-yard burst by Jerome Heavens, but the next 17 points were scored by the Panthers. Quarterback Rick Trocano picked up the first six on a three-yard run, and Mark Schubert added a field goal to put Pitt in front 10-7 at the half. Its lead was extended early in the fourth quarter when Trocano went in from four yards out. That's when Jerome Heavens and Quarterback Joe Montana got busy.

Taking advantage of a Pitt defense that was geared to stop his long passes, Montana shredded the Panther zone. In less than seven minutes, Montana, who during one stretch hit on seven straight passes, had the Irish ahead 19-17. The touchdowns came on an eight-yard pass to Kris Haines and a one-yard plunge by Montana himself. Then, after Pitt lost its third fumble of the game, Montana teamed up with Vagas Ferguson on a three-yard touchdown pass play that sealed Notre Dame's 26-17 victory.

Linebacker Bob Golic contributed to the Irish triumph by being in on 22 tackles and Heavens ran for 120 yards in 30 carries. That brought Heavens' career rushing total to 2,363 yards, enabling him to supplant George Grapp as the top runner in Notre Dame history.

Let anyone think that all the favorites lost or that balance is rampant, it should be noted that St. Thomas beat Macalester 28-0 in a Minnesota Intercollegiate Conference game. That came as no surprise to the Scots, who have been outscored 304-27 in six games this season and who tied an NCAA record with this, their 39th consecutive setback.

THE WEEK

by MIKE DELNAGRO

SOUTH

Saturday's upset pattern also claimed victims in the South. Louisiana State, playing at home against Georgia, seemed to be on its way to a win, and Charles Alexander appeared to be enhancing his Heisman Trophy aspirations. Tiger fans roared their approval when Alexander bulldozed three yards for a first-period touchdown and went into a frenzy as substitute Quarterback Steve Ensminger and Carlos Carson combined on an 82-yard scoring pass, the longest in LSU history. That put the Tigers ahead 14-0 early in the second period. For most of the rest of the night, however, Tiger rosters groaned.

The first event that incurred their displeasure was a 24-yard touchdown run by Willie McCleendon, who finished with 144 yards in 27 carries, that halved the Bulldogs' deficit. Then a 17-point, third-quarter outburst made Georgia a 24-17 victor in the Southeastern Conference game. Stirring that spree, which toppled No. 11 LSU from the unbeaten list, was a 99-yard kickoff return by freshman Lindsay Scott, the longest ever by a Bulldog. Concluding the surge was a six-yard run by McCleendon. As for Alexander, he left in the third period with a leg injury after a 22-carry, 81-yard night that ended his string of 100-yard performances at eight games.

Another SEC team nicknamed the Bulldogs pulled off another shocker. Mississippi State scoring past 15th-ranked Florida State 55-27. A pair of touchdown passes from Dave Marler to Tailback James Jones covered 27 and 11 yards and gave the Bulldogs a 14-0 edge after one period. Jimmy Jordan of the Seminoles matched that with two scoring throws in the second quarter, and Florida State took a 21-14 halftime lead when Homes Johnson plunged a yard for another six points. But the Bulldogs poured across three touchdowns in each of the last two quarters, two on runs by Jones, to swamp the Seminoles.

Vanderbilt and Auburn renewed their rivalry after a 23-year lapse. The Commodores wished they hadn't. With Joe Cribbs scoring on runs of four, five, nine, 20 and 23 yards, the Tigers breezed 49-7.

Alabama and Kentucky, however, had to rally for their conference victories. The Tide trailed Florida 3-0 before winning its 44th consecutive game at Bryant-Denny Stadium in Tuscaloosa. Billy Jackson of Alabama broke loose for 147 yards in 13 carries, one of which was an 87-yard touchdown run that put the Tide ahead 14-3. Back came the Gators, cutting Alabama's fourth-quarter lead to 17-12. It took a nine-yard run by Tony Nathan to seal the Tide's 23-12 win.

Mississippi jumped in front of Kentucky continued

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10-0 in the first period. But the Wildcats scored the next 24 points and won 24-17.

There were—surprise!—no surprises in Atlantic Coast Conference action, Clemson downing Virginia 30-14 and North Carolina holding off Wake Forest 34-29. The Tigers ran their record to 18-0 against the Cavaliers as Lester Brown rushed for 178 yards and Steve Fuller for 131.

For the Tar Heels, the big game was Ames Lawrence, whose nickname "Famous" had been tarnished by his total of only 155 yards rushing in four games. This time, Lawrence earned 32 times for 189 yards to help visiting Carolina lead 31-14 after three periods. Freshman Chuck Sharpe augmented the attack by hitting on 14 of 22 passes for 149 yards and a TD. Then came the fourth quarter and with it a furious assault by the Deacons as Eddie Wright caught a 31-yard TD pass from David Webster to help turn Wake Forest's deficit to 31-29. The Tar Heels, who pounced on four Deacon fumbles and intercepted three passes, wrapped up the scoring with a 31-yard field goal by Jeff Hayes.

Like Wake Forest, Miami of Florida came up short. Georgia Tech did all its scoring (24 points) in the first half, the Hurricanes all of them (19 points) in the second.

South Carolina made a second-half stunt pay off against Ohio University, defeating the Bobcats 24-7. Bull State, which had not allowed a touchdown for 18 quarters and which had outscored five opponents by a margin of 119-17, had its 13-game winning streak broken by Louisiana Tech 17-7.

1. ALABAMA (5-1)

2. MARYLAND (5-0) 3. GEORGIA (4-1)

EAST As unbeaten Navy prepared to play its first home game against Duke, Middle Coach George Welsh was not exactly the picture of confidence. "I figured they'd move the ball on us and score anyway," he said. The Navy defenders, who are ranked No. 1 in the nation, might now have some doubts about Welsh as a prognosticator. They limited the Blue Devils to eight first downs, forced six turnovers and allowed a measly 122 yards in a 31-8 rout. For their part, the Middle offense rang up 342 yards; its most notable performer was Bob Leszczynski, who completed 10 of 12 passes for 128 yards and three touchdowns, two of them to Phil McConkey. It was Navy's fifth win and its best start since 1960. The victory notwithstanding, Welsh remained apprehensive. "Until we have to come from behind," he said, "well, I have to wait."

Unbeaten Maryland and Holy Cross also survived a weekend in which eight of the 15 Division I unbeaten teams lost. Mike Smith kicked a 41-yard field goal on the Crusaders' first possession, and an 11-yard Pete Colombo-to-Smith touchdown pass off a fake field goal on their second possession led to a 31-0

rout over Army. Maryland trailed Syracuse 6-3 at the half, but scored on its first three possessions of the third quarter en route to a 24-9 triumph. Tailback Steve Atkins, who had fumbled twice and netted only 15 yards in 12 carries before the intermission, finished the day with 102 yards.

Cornell Tailback Joe Holland, son of Hall-of-Famer Brad Holland, carried the ball 11 for Ivy League-record 55 times for 244 yards and scored all four Big Red TDs in a 25-20 upset of Harvard. The win put Cornell (3-0-1) into second place in the Ivy League, half a game behind Dartmouth, which upset Yale 10-3 when Jeff Dufresne blasted in from the one to cap a 17-play, 91-yard drive late in the third quarter.

Columbia, off to its best start (3-1) in 17 years, again executed its Muddle Huddle play in downing Princeton 14-10. A local television station wanted to tape the Muddle Huddle after the Lions used it three weeks ago in their upset of Harvard, but Coach Bill Campbell said no. His reticence is understandable. Following a touchdown that gave Columbia a 12-10 lead over the Tigers, Campbell called the Muddle Huddle on the conversion. In it, six linemen struggled toward the line of scrimmage, while PAT Holder Artie Pulvinelli began walking toward the officials as if to talk to them. But Pulvinelli was watching the Princeton defenders, and when he saw them relax and start milling about, he moved over the ball, which was on the right end of the suddenly materialized Lion line, and pined it back to Joe Cifolla. Cifolla swept left and went over untouched for the two points.

Maine's Black Bears sprang an equally bizarre play at New Hampshire in their 7-7 tie with the Wildcats. Late in the first quarter, Maine lined up for a field goal from the 21-yard line. The snap went to Hekker Tony Traflet, who, instead of placing the ball down, tossed it up in the air. Kicker Mike Hodgson then hit it with his fist, volleyball style, sending it skittering into the end zone. What sort of madness is this? Calculated madness, that's what, as Dave Higgins of Maine fell on the ball for six points. Legal? Apparently.

Boston University drumbeaters, wild over a 4-0 start this season, alluded to their team as the "Kardiac Kids" for its last-quarter heroics. Unimpressed, Massachusetts whipped the Terriers 31-7 to take over first place in the Yankee Conference.

1. PENNSTATE (6-0)

2. NAVY (5-0) 3. PITTSBURGH (4-1)

WEST "It's humbling," seethed Stanford Coach Bill Walsh. What got his goat were the two blocked punts and two interceptions by Washington that had led to Husky touchdowns in a 34-31 defeat of the Cardinals. But Stanford fans might well be equally ticked off by a Walsh decision that enabled Washington to win. Dea-

locked 31-31 with a fourth-and-11 in the Washington 49 and 50 seconds left to play, Walsh eschewed a punt that would have undoubtedly assured a tie and ordered Steve Dils to attempt a pass for a first down. Dils' aerial to Ken Margerum was incomplete and Washington took over. Quarterback Tom Perras hit Keith Richardson for 40 yards, and two plays later Mike Lansford boosted the game-winning 22-yard field goal.

Up to then, it had been a wild afternoon. Stanford led 17-10 in the third quarter until Washington's Lance Theodoule intercepted a Dils pass and returned it 36 yards for a touchdown. Forty-nine seconds later, Greg Grimes picked off another Dils pass and ran it back 36 yards again for another TD. And at 1:27 after that, Washington blocked a punt, recovered it at the Stanford five and scored a touchdown three plays later for a 31-17 lead. But Stanford stormed back on a 33-yard Dils-to-Margerum TD pass and a six-yard run by Phil Francis that capped a 50-yard scoring drive. "Our snaps are too slow, our punter is too slow and our blocking isn't good," said Walsh, explaining his decision not to punt.

UCLA exploded for 398 yards rushing and 131 passing to whip Washington State 45-31, and California dumped Arizona 33-20 to remain the only undefeated teams in Pac-10 play. The Bruins' James Owens and Theotis Brown rushed for 161 and 150 yards, respectively, the first time in UCLA history that two backs gained 150 yards or more in the same game. The Bruins had trailed 24-14 at halftime and didn't get the lead for good until Rick Benhase ran a keeper from one yard out to cap an 80-yard scoring drive and make it 38-31 with 1:45 left to play. Cal, boasting the nation's sixth-leading passer in Rich Campbell, was expected to blitz Arizona through the air. The Bears did just that, Campbell completing 12 of 21 passes for 211 yards. But they also attacked on the ground with John Williams, limited to just nine carries in Cal's first five games, breaking away for 133 yards in 15 carries.

Jim McMahon of Brigham Young also popped on the scene in a big way, and as a result the Cougars eked out a 17-16 win at Oregon. McMahon, a second-string quarterback who also punts, had a first-quarter kick blocked and run into the end zone for a TD by Oregon's Ken Lawler that gave the Ducks a 10-0 lead. But in the third quarter McMahon replaced Marc Wilson at quarterback and led the Cougars to two TDs, including a 21-yard scoring pass to Todd Thompson that put BYU on top. For Oregon, it was a fourth straight game in which the Ducks blew fourth-quarter leads. It also left them 0-6 Wyoming's Myron Hardeman set a Cowboy rushing record of 230 yards in a 31-22 defeat of San Diego State.

1. IDAHO (5-1) 2. USC (4-1)

3. CALIFORNIA (5-1)

continued

MIDWEST It wasn't the first time Bo's and Woody's troops had gone belly up on the same afternoon, but last Saturday wasn't New Year's Day. While Michigan was doing its collapsing act against Michigan State, Ohio State was losing 27-16 at Purdue. Not since Oct. 28, 1967 had two Little Eight squads dumped the Big Two on one afternoon. That year, Bo and Woody will note, was the last time that neither Ohio State nor Michigan won the Big Ten. Indiana, Minnesota and Purdue tying for the title.

Mistakes—six fumbles and nine penalties—might have set up Ohio State for the knockout, but it was Purdue's Mark Herrmann who delivered the punches. The Boilermakers' sophomore quarterback, who was 22 months old in 1960 when Purdue last beat Ohio State in Ross-Ade Stadium, picked apart the Buckeye secondary with 22 completions in 34 attempts for 210 yards and moved into fourth place among Purdue's passing leaders, behind Mike Plapp, Bob Griese and Len Dawson. The Buckeyes trailed 20-16 with 7:40 to play and started on their six-yard line with hopes of taking the lead. Quarterback Art Schlichter passed to Rod Gerald, who took a thunderous hit from Willie Harris and coughed up the ball at the Buckeye 10. Two plays later, Herrmann delivered the clincher. Last year he had noticed Buckeye Safety Mike Guess coming up fast on the out pass. This time he sent Mike Harris on an out, faked to draw Guess up and then lofted a feathery pass to Harris, who had cut into the end zone.

The victory shot Purdue (2-0) into the top spot in the Big Ten. Second-place Wisconsin (2-0-1) was tied 20-20 by Illinois when, with less than three minutes to play, Rich Weiss drove the Illini 69 yards, scored on an eight-yard keeper and then passed to Greg Boeke for a two-point conversion. Mark Carlson hit 14 of 19 passes and flipped two 17-yard scoring throws to Elmer Bailey as Minnesota took a three-touchdown lead and held off Iowa to break a three-game losing streak with a 22-20 victory. Indiana converted three early Northwestern turnovers into touchdowns en route to a 38-10 victory.

Unbeaten, 13th-ranked Colorado was favored against winless Oklahoma State, but the past eight times they had met in Stillwater, the Buffaloes had been favored, and five times Oklahoma State upset them. On Saturday the Cowboys did it again as they held the Buffaloes to just 234 yards, 150 under their average, and capitalized on three breaks in a 24-20 upset. First, a Colorado punt from the Buffalo four-yard line sailed practically straight up into a break wind, the Cowboys recovering the ball on the Colorado 11. Vince Orange scored on the next play to make it 14-10 in favor of the Buffaloes at halftime. Next, a Colorado fumble was recovered by the Cowboys on the Buffaloes' 30-yard line.

Two plays later, Oklahoma State fumbled and Colorado recovered on its 22, but—break No. 3—the Buffaloes were penalized for being off-sides. Oklahoma State retained possession, and seven plays later Ed Smith scooped over from the three for a 24-14 lead that Colorado never overcame.

It was third-and-six at the Missouri 11. One moment Missouri Coach Warren Powers was charging down the sideline, shouting at his defensive end, Wendell Ray. The next moment Iowa State Running Back Dexter Green threw a pass to Quarterback Walter Grant, who had floated down the left sideline after pitching to Green. A moment after that, there was Wendell Ray, jumping in the air to intercept the ball and stop Iowa State from scoring on a 26-13 Tiger triumph. "They beat us with that play two years ago," Powers said, "so I wanted Wendell to know that they might throw back to the quarterback."

No. 8-ranked Nebraska frolicked for 606 yards in a 48-14 thrashing of Kansas State as seven Huskers scored and Tailback L. M. Hipp ran for 183 yards. On offense, the Wildcats couldn't handle Husker Middle Guard Kerry Weinmeister, who sacked Oan Manucci, the Big Eight's passing leader, five times in the first half. No. 1-ranked Oklahoma, whose star quarterback Thomas Lost was out miring a sprained ankle, was guilty of a variety of fumbles, penalties and mental mistakes and barely beat Kansas 17-16. "When you do everything wrong, the difference in the talent levels of your team and the other becomes zero," said Sooners Coach Barry Switzer. No zero was Billy Sims, an emerging Heisman candidate, who dandered for a career-high 192 yards in 39 carries.

1. OKLAHOMA (6-0) 2. NEBRASKA (5-1)
3. MICHIGAN (4-1)

SOUTHWEST Baylor, which was winless in four games but had never lost by more than six points, pounced on SMU for a 21-0 half-time lead and then intercepted a pass and advanced to the Mustang one-yard line with 8:04 to play in the third quarter. A fifth straight loss seemed impossible. Quarterback Steve Smith faked a handoff, ran an option to the left and headed toward a huge hole. But suddenly, somehow, the ball squirmed out of his hands, SMU's Tim Jones fell on it and—just as quickly—Baylor came unglued. The Mustangs who made the Bears fall apart were Mike Ford, who tied a Southwest Conference record by throwing four touchdown passes, and Emanuel Tolbert, who tied another SWC mark by catching each one of them as SMU rallied for a 28-21 victory.

Following Smith's fumble, Ford engineered a 99-yard scoring march in which he completed 10 of 12 passes for 73 yards. On SMU's next possession, the sophomore led the Mustangs on an 11-play, 84-yard touchdown

drive, completing eight of 10 for 64 yards. He next found Tolbert in the end zone from nine yards out following an interception and hit Tolbert on a three-yard TD pass after a Baylor fumble. All told, Tolbert caught 13 passes, the fourth most in SWC history. In the final minute, with the Mustangs up by seven, Baylor's Tommy Taber blocked a punt and the Bears recovered at the SMU 31. With less than 30 seconds to go, they lined up on the SMU nine with one last chance to retrieve victory. But David Hill picked off his sixth pass of the season to seal the SMU win.

Texas fumbled four times, drew 10 penalties for 130 yards and got riddled by North Texas State Quarterback Jordan Case for 165 yards worth of passing, including a 38-yard scoring bomb to Charlie Murray. Still, the Longhorns slipped by with a 26-16 win, thanks largely to Randy McEachern, who came off the bench to throw two touchdown passes and help Texas overcome a 9-0 deficit. McEachern entered the game midway through the second quarter after starting

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Ed Smith connected on 20 of 36 passes for 248 yards and two touchdowns and guided the Spartans to another 248 yards of rushing in Michigan State's shocking 24-15 road victory over fifth-ranked Michigan.

DEFENSE: Bob Kohrs, a 6' 2", 225-pound end for Arizona State, made eight tackles, deflected two passes and recovered three fumbles as the Sun Devils stunned previously unbeaten, No. 2-ranked Southern Cal 20-7.

Quarterback Donnie Little had fumbled three times. McEachern quickly led Texas on an 83-yard scoring drive capped by a one-yard plunge by A. J. Jones, and then hit Johnny (Lam) Jones on a 41-yarder for the TD that gave Texas a 16-9 budge at halftime. McEachern's other scoring strike was a 13-yarder to Les Studford.

Rice, winless and outscored 160-33 by four previous opponents, led TCU 14-7 at half-time and, as Coach Ray Albom said, "We were more fired up than ever when the second half started." That half opened with the Owls kicking off to TCU freshman Phillip Epps, who fielded the ball behind his goal line and raced 100 yards for a touchdown to tie the score 14-14. However, the Owls' enthusiasm didn't wane, and Quarterback Randy Hertel mounted a 72-yard march, including a 41-yard touchdown strike to David Houser that gave Rice a 21-14 win, its first SWC triumph since it beat SMU two years ago. Arkansas was idle.

1. ARKANSAS (4-0)
2. TEXAS (4-1) 3. HOUSTON (4-1)

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engineered motor as in our best component turntables. Plus here's yet another Sony feature: our Scratchguard cueing which makes it practically impossible to scratch your records. And what touches your prized records is the best: a diamond stylus magnetic cartridge.

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"IT'S A SONY."



Jubilant James Scott is congratulated by his old pal Dr. Ferdie Pacheco after defeating Gregory

Slambang win in the slammer

Eddie Gregory was the No. 1 contender until he met up with inmate No. 57735

and he knocked them out. He hasn't had a real pro fight in almost four years. And now he wants to fight the top contender. You know he's got to be crazy. He's been in here too long. It happens when you stay in these places too long. I'll carry him for 11 rounds and knock him out in the 12th. It'll be a good workout."

Some workout. For James Scott, last Thursday's match might have been made in heaven, even though, more prosaically, it had been made in the warden's office. The prison had sanctioned the fight to highlight one of its many work programs and as a showcase for its progressive rehabilitation system.

"We've got dozens of important rehabilitation programs at Rahway, and boxing is only one of them," says Superintendent Robert S. Hazrak. "I admit that teaching inmates to become professional fighters—and cut men and trainers—is unique, but why not? If we can teach them to lay a brick or to build a house, why not teach them to box? One man takes a college course, another learns how to throw a jab. The result is the same. When they leave here they take something very important: a way to earn an honest living, a sense of self-respect, the tools to become a useful citizen."

The boxing program might have been made just for Scott. He is 30 years old, and except for two brief periods he has been behind bars since he was 13. He was first sent from the Newark ghetto to the Jamesburg Reformatory for truancy. Five years later he was declared an incorrigible and transferred to Trenton State Prison. That was in 1965.

At Trenton, Scott was befriended by Al Dickens, a onetime Army boxer now

in the 16th year of a 51-year sentence for armed robbery. "When I first saw Scotty, he was a tough punk running around breaking heads with an iron pipe," Dickens says, "but I got him to thinking about boxing instead."

Scott appreciates that, but adds, "I guess I wasn't listening too close when Dickens tried to teach me about life. They let me out of prison on Nov. 5, 1968, and it wasn't long before I was back—busted for robbery—doing 13 to 17. That's when I really took up boxing."

Scott became the light heavyweight champion of the New Jersey prison system, destroying opponents until there were no more challengers. In 1974 he was released on a work-parole program. His work was professional boxing; his parole officer, in effect, was a Miami architect and fight figure named Murray Gabe, who offered Scott a contract.

Scott won eight fights in a row, developing a reputation for ferocity that again made opponents scarce. "It was a nightmare trying to find someone who would get in the ring with him," Gabe says. "It was horrible what Chris Dundee had to pay people to fight that animal." Then in May 1975 came the two breaks that were to change Scott's career. The good news was that he lined up a championship fight with John Conteh of Great Britain. The bad news was that Scott decided to return to Newark.

"I had it made," he says, "a title shot for \$100,000. My dream had come true. A press conference was set up for a Thursday and we were going to announce the fight. On Wednesday the police picked me up."

A few nights earlier, Scott's car had been seen in the vicinity of a murder and robbery. When the Newark police checked the car they found bloodstains and a bullet hole. Scott said he had loaned the car to a friend. Held at first as a material witness, Scott was later charged with the robbery, which had netted \$238. Found guilty, in March 1976 he was sentenced to 30 to 40 years. He was transferred to Rahway on May 27, 1977 as inmate No. 57735. He has been in training ever since. "Like a Spartan," says Dickens, who is now at Rahway, too, "and he sure wasn't out nights fooling around."

Starting last May, Scott would run for an hour in the prison yard each morning.

Shaven head down, James Scott stared at his right hand. He closed it into a fist and studied its every ridge, marveling at the beauty of it as a weapon. Standing around him in the tiny office inside New Jersey's Rahway State Prison were a dozen or so friends, most of them inmates, all chattering nervously. Scott, studying his fist, ignored them. "We've only got four rounds," he said, almost as if he were instructing the hand. "Four rounds, or else we're in a lot of trouble."

In a nearby room, Eddie Gregory, the WBA's No. 1-ranked light heavyweight contender, was in much better spirits. He was in superb condition and the fight ahead would be no more than a tune-up on the way to a \$50,000 title match with Mike Rossman, the new champion. Tonight, Gregory would get \$15,000 for going 12 rounds against a guy who had been behind bars since 1975.

"They say Scott is tough," Gregory said, "but how tough can he be? So he fought a couple of stiffs inside the walls

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people from becoming lost causes.

**United Way
of Tri-State**

Without your support, these could be lost causes.



ing Dickens estimates that, in all, Scott has run more than 900 miles—"and let me tell you, it gets boring with nothing to look at but the wall." During the same period, Scott did a total of \$1,000 push-ups, 16,000 sit-ups, punched the light bag nonstop for 30 minutes at a time and followed that up with 10 rounds on the heavy bag.

The real problem was a lack of sparring partners. Correction officials borrowed the heavyweight champ of Trenton State Prison, and Scott broke three of his ribs. "Enough of this," said Hattrak. "We can't have Scott busting up the prison population. No more inmates. We'll bring in someone from outside."

One such visitor was Junior Royster, who had fought Scott to a draw in Miami. Scott knocked him out and they never saw Royster again. J. C. Brown, a Newark heavyweight, agreed to work, but only three days a week and only three rounds at a time.

All of which accounted for Scott's preoccupation with being able to fight for

more than four rounds. "It's a mental barrier," he says. "It's like a miler trying to break four minutes. You get afraid of it. You fear you can't do it."

On the night of the fight with Gregory, Scott got some final advice from Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, Muhammad Ali's former physician, who had befriended him in Florida. "Don't try to think out there," Pacheco said. "Fight by instinct. You are an animal caged up in here and you want to get out. Go out and fight like an animal, snarl like an animal, climb all over him like an animal."

Pacheco later recalled, "It was hot in that little room. But when I looked into Scott's eyes, I suddenly felt cold. I felt sorry for Gregory."

In the ring, Scott took charge from the start, swarming over Gregory at close quarters, firing punishing hooks from both sides. In the fourth round, he raised an ugly lump under Gregory's left eye.

"I threw everything I had at him," Scott said afterward, "but he's too smart. I knew then I was going to have to go

the full 12, and I thought, 'Oh, oh, you better pace yourself.'"

Scott won the fifth round, then coasted through the sixth and seventh, which he lost on all cards. From Round 8 on, he resumed command and never let up. Always it was the same: inside and savage. At the end, with his corner screaming for him to go for a knockout, Gregory was barely able to hang on.

"From the third round on," said Scott, "he wasn't trying to win the fight. He was just trying not to get hurt."

The decision was unanimous; only the referee, Tony Perez, saw it close. He gave it to Scott 6-4 with two rounds even. Judge Harold Lederman had it 9-2-1 and judge Ernie Durando called it 9-3. And, naturally, the elated Scott called for a title fight with Rossman. "It won't go four rounds," he said.

On the way out of Rahway, Jimmy DiPiano, Rossman's father and manager, said, "It's going to take an awful awful lot of money before I'll let my son in the same ring with that monster." **END**

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Get the lead out of your line



The book on the malevolent-looking Chinook, the largest salmon in the world, was to use weighted flies and lead-core lines, but the author, who's nothing if not a persistent cuss, was determined to rewrite the book

One fall day a number of years ago I was standing waist-deep in the clear water of Oregon's Umpqua River, fishing an evening rise for trout. I had not moved for half an hour, because just 20 feet or so upstream a fish was feeding. I was trying to anticipate the rises, covering the fish with small midges, No. 18s in various colors. Glancing over my shoulder while changing flies, I noticed that a Chinook salmon had moved upstream and was holding behind me, using my legs to break the current, as if I were a rock. It was a tremendous male, thick as a log, ferocious-looking with his hooked lower jaw and protruding teeth.

It was a compelling sight. Chinook are such huge fish that they seem out of place, almost unreal, in any but the deepest runs of the largest rivers.

The record for sport-caught Chinook in the Umpqua was 89 pounds. This fish, his bronze back no more than six inches under water, did not appear much smaller than that. I reached down slowly with my right hand, and touched his smooth, cold back between the head and dorsal

fin. He was gone in a swirling surge that was too fast to see, heading out toward the middle of the river, then straight upstream, leaving a broad wake for the first few yards to prove that he had really been there. The two-pound trout I had been trying for, though still rising, seemed totally insignificant now. I had never hooked a Chinook on a fly, but I knew then that I would have to try.

Chinook—also known as king salmon—are by far the largest of the five Pacific salmon species as well as the biggest in the world, averaging nearly 20 pounds, with a known top weight of 126. Atlantic salmon, much more highly touted as game fish, have been known to reach 100 pounds but average only about 12. The reason for the greater prestige of the Atlantic salmon is that anglers have been in quest of it for centuries. In her essay on sport fishing, published in 1496, Dame Juliana Berners praised it as "the moost stately fyssh that only man maye angle to in fresshe water." She also complained that he is "most comorous to take."

For years it was believed to be not just comorous but also impossible to catch Chinook in freshwater—and not only on flies but on any rod-and-reel bait or lure as well. Indeed, the history of sport fishing for Chinook is very brief, dating back to the late 1920s. By now it is well known that they can be readily taken on spinners, spoons, sinking plugs and gobs of roe, but it is still widely believed that they won't strike flies.

When I moved to the Pacific Northwest in the 1960s I was innocent enough to believe what I was told. Because one of the first things I was told was that Chinook salmon won't take flies, I fished for trout and steelhead. Then that huge, hook-jawed male cruised upstream to hold behind me.

I was impressed enough to ask around again, this time with more persistence, and the few vague rumors I heard checked out. In the fall of each year near the coast, on such rivers as California's Smith and Oregon's Chetco, some pioneering souls were landing large Chinook, a few over 50 pounds, on sinking

continued

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FISHING *continued*

flies. This was not classical fly-fishing, though. The big, bright, weighted flies were cast with powerful rods on lead-core lines to bounce along the bottoms of the deep runs and pools. Leaders of 12-pound-test and up were the rule.

It was only a three-hour drive to the coast from where I was living, and in my first day of fishing I hooked and landed two Chinook, but neither over 20 pounds. Larger fish were taken near me that day, one better than 40 pounds, but I gave it up. I didn't enjoy it. The lead-core line and heavy flies are onerous to cast, and it is impossible to control a cast once it has hit the water. Your fly and line are down there somewhere, and you hold on and hope for the best.

Yet if big Chinook could be taken consistently on large flies and fast-sinking lines, it seemed reasonable to hope that they could be taken at least occasionally on smaller flies and floating lines. I thought some more, asked around some more, but didn't learn much. However, I was stubborn enough to try my way.

It took a lot of hard fishing through the better part of 1971-72, but I think I proved a thing or two. Using a No. 9 weight-forward floating line and a Size 6 red ant fly, I fished for Chinook on the upper reaches of the Rogue River from mid-June into July. This was 150 miles from the ocean, but the fish had just arrived and were bright and active.

A day of wading and casting normally produced a fish or two, but none were of any real size. This wasn't surprising, because with any species of fish the smaller ones are always easiest to bring to flies. By mid-July I had landed at least 20 Chinook, the best of them 12 pounds. It was good enough sport, but I felt I needed one large fish, a 20-pounder anyway, to prove my point.

In September I moved to another river, the Klamath, for the fall run. Results were similar, though I did land a 14-pounder. Then the steelhead moved upstream behind the salmon, and I stayed with them through late fall and winter.

The next spring I went at it again, and what I had been hoping for finally happened on a windless evening. The pool on the upper Rogue in which I was fishing was in quiet shadow. I had made perhaps 500 casts that day. Salmon were showing everywhere, rolling and jumping, some of them too big to believe, but none touched my fly.

Then out over the deep water the fly

simply stopped. I raised the rod to tighten the line, and it felt as though it were snagged on a rock or a log. The fish didn't move for three or four seconds. I slowly increased the pressure, and then it jumped, throwing a sheet of spray, and came back down on its broad side with a splashing crash.

I didn't see the fish again for an hour and 45 minutes. I put on all the pressure that the eight-pound leader could take, and the Chinook fought doggedly, making a run of 40 or 50 yards downstream, holding for five or 10 minutes, then running 10 or 20 yards upstream to hold again, and so on. Its downstream runs were always longest, so I ended up a quarter of a mile from where I'd hooked him. He stayed on the bottom the whole way. It was nearly dark when I felt the angle of the line changing, felt him coming up, which meant that he was beaten. But I would have to swim to see him, for he was 90 feet from me, near the opposite bank, and there was no way even a beaten fish of that size could be brought back across the current on eight-pound-test.

So I swam the chill water, crossing below the fish. When I was in knee-deep water, I tightened the line and drew him slowly down and in to where I stood. I'll always think of that Chinook as a 40-pounder. Subtract 10 pounds if you want to, for excitement or exaggeration, it still leaves quite a fish. I wrapped the leader around my wrist and snapped it off at the fly. He held there for a minute or two, steady over the gravel, gauging strength, then drifted out and down, gone with a pump of his thick tail.

Large Chinook can be caught on flies—big flies on sunken lines and small flies on floating lines. They can be caught near the mouth of a river or more than 100 miles upstream, just so long as they are fairly fresh from the sea. In the Maritime Provinces of Canada, Atlantic salmon fishing is restricted to flies only. The Chinook will never be afforded such protection, but perhaps it's not too much to hope that someday, if enough of us demonstrate its feasibility, a few select sections of the most suitable streams at the appropriate times of year might be limited to fly-fishing. What with commercial trolling, Indian gillnetting claims, fleets of guide boats, pollution, dams and excessive logging, it's clear that the Chinook—the largest salmon on earth—will need whatever help it can get to survive in significant numbers.

END

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Showing doubting Easterners his mettle, Exceller beat Seattle Slew by a nose in the Jockey Club Gold Cup and established his credentials for Horse of the Year

It is the afternoon of June 25 and seven horses are entered in the \$350,000 Hollywood Gold Cup, the richest thoroughbred race in America. J. O. Tobin has the lead at the top of the stretch in the 1 1/4-mile event, but is tiring and drifting out badly. Vigors, a white horse, is flying on the outside and looks to be a sure winner. Down along the rail Exceller is moving boldly under Bill Shoemaker. Inside the 16th pole he takes the lead and holds off fast-closing Text by a neck with Vigors another head behind.

The winner's purse pushes Exceller's lifetime bankroll over \$1 million, but not many people east of Inglewood, Calif. take note of that or of Nelson Bunker Hunt's remarkable 5-year-old. But they did last Saturday at Belmont Park when Exceller ran against two Triple Crown winners, Seattle Slew and Affirmed, in the \$321,800 Jockey Club Gold Cup. This Gold Cup was only the fourth start on dirt for Exceller, who had run most of his 28 races in England and France, and a wet but fast track was not believed to be to his liking. For this reason, and be-

cause Easterners tend to be provincial about judging horses, Exceller was rated a poor third behind Slew and Affirmed.

The Gold Cup marked the first time three millionaires had ever met in a race. The three also happened to be the best 3-year-old in training (Affirmed), the best 4-year-old (Seattle Slew) and the best 5-year-old (Exceller). Obviously, it was the definitive race of the year, and when it was over Exceller was the winner by a desperate nose over Seattle Slew. Exceller thereby became the fifth-leading money-winner of all time with \$1,479,003, a figure topped only by Kelso, Forego, Round Table and Dahlia. Maybe now the old dude will get some of the acclaim he has deserved for so long.

With a mile remaining, Exceller was 30 lengths behind the front-running Seattle Slew. But that is Exceller's way and Shoemaker was unconcerned. "I was so far back I couldn't really tell what was going on up front," said Shoemaker after the race, "but I didn't need to know too much anyway. With Exceller, the winning gets done in one long move."

Bill Shoemaker. What is there left to say about him? At 47 and in his 30th year as a jockey, he seems to be getting better with each furlong pole he passes. When he unsaddled after Exceller's Gold Cup his 1978 purse earnings were in excess of \$4 million, the first time Shoemaker has ever reached that figure. During his career, Shoemaker has won 746 stakes, and 135 of those have been worth \$100,000 or more. This year Shoe has ridden in seven races worth \$200,000 or more and won four.

The Gold Cup was a race fascinating to ponder. Following wins in the Marlboro and Woodward Stakes, Slew was expected to go to the front with Affirmed just behind. To ensure that Slew would not be able to run off by himself and dictate the pace, trainer Laz Barrera entered Life's Hope as a running mate for Affirmed. Obviously, Life's Hope was going to go out and push Seattle Slew. The game plan was that Steve Cauthen would position Affirmed behind them.

Little went according to plan. First, Seattle Slew broke through the gate before the start and Angel Cordero had to yank hard on the horse to avoid being thrown into the infield. When the race started, Slew got away first, and Life's Hope and Affirmed rushed to join him. But as they entered the first turn, Cauthen felt his saddle creeping forward and was unable to fully control his horse. Cordero, meanwhile, had momentarily lost his right stirrup. Slew, Affirmed and Life's Hope swept the first turn like comets, with Cauthen in trouble and Craig Perret, on Life's Hope, knowing that Barrera's plan was already doomed.

"The saddle was up around Affirmed's withers and I couldn't get any balance," Cauthen said later. "I thought I was going to be pitched off. The damned thing was nearly up on his neck."

No one knows for sure what made Affirmed's saddle slip. It's conceivable that it was not tightened enough by Barrera in the paddock or that as Cauthen tried to rate Affirmed in the early part of the race, pulling hard on the reins, the saddle slid forward.

The first quarter mile of the 1 1/4-mile race was run in :22 3/4. Too fast. At the half mile Slew had a head in front of Affirmed with Life's Hope another head back. But that first half was run in .455, insane time for horses trying to stretch out 1 1/4 miles.

continued

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Then, with about half a mile remaining, Slew took what looked to be a commanding lead as Affirmed and Life's Hope faded, a collapse that eventually left Affirmed next to last in the six-horse field and Life's Hope last.

With that long half mile remaining, Exceller started his rush. He was gathering ground with every stride and saving it as well as Shoemaker kept the son of Vaguely Noble on the inside rail. He was doing his Hollywood Gold Cup trick again and it was working.

The punishing early fractions and the fact that Cordero had his horse out from the rail, leaving an opening for Exceller and Shoemaker, should have set Slew up for the kill. And Exceller did get to the front—but he could not widen his lead. Slew bottled back. The finish camera showed Exceller the winner with the third-place horse, Great Contractor, 14½ lengths back and Affirmed 20.

Hunt bought Exceller for \$25,000 as a yearling at Keeneland in 1974. "There was only one bid made on the horse," Hunt says. "Mine. I've always been very fond of Exceller because he tries hard and he's versatile."

Racegoers overlooked Exceller as a yearling because they thought that his legs were too straight. "The best thing that probably happened to him," trainer Charlie Whittingham says, "is that he raced in Europe as a 2-year-old." This meant that Exceller didn't have to be rushed for speed as would have been the case had he raced in this country. The 2-year-old races in Europe are longer and less frequent, so the pressure isn't as intense as it is in the U.S. That gave Exceller time to develop and let his bones set. "He is one heck of a racehorse," Whittingham says. And indeed he is.

This year he has won the Arcadia Handicap, the San Juan Capistrano, the Sunset and the Hollywood Invitational in addition to the two Gold Cups. "That's three races on the dirt and three on the grass," says Whittingham. "I would think that ought to be enough to make him Horse of the Year."

Perhaps so. Yet Affirmed won the Triple Crown, and Seattle Slew won the Marlboro Cup and Woodward most impressively and lost the Jockey Club Gold Cup by only a nose. Affirmed will not race again this year but Exceller and Slew could meet in the Nov. 4 Washington, D.C. International on turf. And wouldn't that be something.

END

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SI/1078

Hot foot for the Hoosiers

Led by an Argentine-born striker named Angelo DiBernardo, hell-for-leather Indiana has made a shambles of collegiate soccer—and mystified many observers

They're not pretty to watch," grumbled a St. Louis University fan after No. 1-ranked Indiana had beaten the third-ranked Billikens 2-0 two weeks ago. "They're awkward, they play too fast and you think they can't win. But they do. What's their secret?"

It's no secret that Indiana, which has

a 13-0-0 record, is the best college soccer team in the nation, having defeated nine of this season's top 20 teams, including last year's NCAA champ, Hartford, by a 4-0 score and runner-up San Francisco University 2-1. With the Billikens also now behind them and only the downhill part of their schedule left, the Hoosiers are a cinch to make the NCAA Division I playoffs and are a prohibitive favorite to win the title.

Indiana's "secret" is actually a two-parter. First, there is a bunch of modestly talented defenders and midfielders who play the game at a galloping pace and with such raw, charging flair that the Hoosiers often make more sophisticated opponents look as if they had been mugged on the fly. Contrary to the practice of most coaches at top-ranked schools, Coach Jerry Yeagley sends in wave after wave of fresh troops.

The second part of Indiana's secret is an amazingly gifted goal scorer (10 so far this season), Angelo DiBernardo, 22, a darkly handsome, elegantly turned-out, shy young man who has road-burning speed, an uncanny knack of being in the right spot and is a deadly shot with either foot (SI, Nov. 15, 1976). If DiBernardo decides to turn pro (although a senior academically, he has a year's eligibility left), he will probably be the No. 1 pick in the North American Soccer League's college draft in January.

In the game with St. Louis, the Hoosiers were in their double-barreled best. For years, the Billikens have been the team against which opponents measure their ability. St. Louis having won five NCAA championships in the last 11 seasons. Just before the start of play in Indiana's Memorial Stadium, Billiken Coach Harry Keough was in an ambivalent mood. "Every time I see this field I get a bad taste in my mouth," he said. "In '76 Indiana beat us 5-1, and that DiBernardo kid scored all five. He was a

freshman then. It was our worst defeat in 20 years. Last year they got us 1-0. But no team has beaten us three times in a row in season play, and they're not going to now. I rarely predict games, but we're so up for this. The players are going to explode. We'll win by two goals."

The night before the game Keough's opponent, the smooth and cool Yeagley, nursed a stinger and admitted he was nervous. "We've beaten the cream of college soccer this year," he said, "but to beat St. Louis for a third year in a row would be almost as good as winning the NCAA title. It would mean that we're not a fluke, not a joke. We'd be the new superteam."

Even DiBernardo, who scored the game-winning goal against San Francisco, was feeling the pressure. "I'm a little nervous, but so things go," he said. DiBernardo, whose parents are Sicilian, grew up in Argentina where he played playground soccer. When he reached high school age, the DiBernardos moved to Stickney, a suburb of Chicago, and Angelo played his first organized soccer for Sparta, a Czechoslovakian club team. DiBernardo, who has been a U.S. citizen for a year, complains about the number of "foreigners" that show up on teams like Clemson and San Francisco.

"Angelo has a nose for the goal," says Yeagley. "He can smell a score, and that's a rare quality even in the pros. He has one fault: he's too generous. Sometimes he passes when he should keep the ball and shoot. But that's because he's usually double-covered. It's great for us because he can pull two or three defenders out of the play, but he doesn't have that prima donna quality of top pro strikers." As a freshman, DiBernardo scored 20 goals, last year only 15, opponents having begun to mark him more heavily. "All in all," says Yeagley, "he's the best forward I've ever seen in college."

Walt Chyzowych, the coach of the U.S. national and Olympic team, was in Bloomington to watch the Indiana-St. Louis game. He had seen DiBernardo before and was lavish in his praise. "Angelo is amazing," he said. "If he gets the ball at midfield, forget it. He's gone. And the way he can position himself off the ball, always getting to the right place, is remarkable."



DiBernardo could be NASL's No. 1 draft pick

continued



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Contrary to Keough's prediction, St. Louis looked woefully dull in the first half against the Hoosiers. The coach's son, Ty Keough, 21, a three-time All-America midfielder and the team's field general, was harried by Indiana's first-to-the-ball galloping style. The Billikens couldn't put together an attack because the Hoosiers broke up their slow-paced, square-passing game.

Four minutes into the half came a "patented DiBernardo special," as it's known around Bloomington. DiBernardo runs with a stiff-legged gait—like an agitated penguin—which disguises his ability to break into a sprint. When he went into the special, he was lurking just behind the other Indiana forwards as they worked the ball downfield. A St. Louis defender knocked the ball loose and instantly DiBernardo was on it, accelerating past a hopelessly outpowered Billiken back whose job was to mark him. Controlling the ball in mastery fashion, DiBernardo darted from the 40-yard line

to the penalty area, where he faked right, went left and had a St. Louis back sitting on the AstroTurf. Fully clear of all defenders, DiBernardo pushed the ball to Forward Steve Westbrook, who was charging in from the left side. Westbrook struck the ball on the first touch and sent it booming past the goalie, who had set himself for a shot by DiBernardo. But Westbrook had been a fraction ahead of the ball when it was passed and the goal was nullified by the offside. DiBernardo merely looked heavenward for a moment.

The half ended in a scoreless tie, and after intermission St. Louis looked ready to give Indiana a game. Sorely pressed by an all-out attack, Hoosier Goalie John Putna had to stop 12 shots. The Indiana defense, arranged in a three-fullback-and-sweeperback setup consisting of Tim Walsh, Mike Freitag, Joe Andert and Jeff Sendobry—all of them, ironically, from St. Louis—had their hands full, even though they were helped out on occasion by DiBernardo, who would race

back to break up a Billiken attack when he wasn't busy elsewhere.

Ten minutes into the second half, Indiana's Bob Meschbach, who is called the "Future Angelo," took the ball in on a breakaway and scored the first goal unassisted. Then, with less than five minutes left, DiBernardo, mysteriously and perfectly positioned as usual, gathered in a rebound off the St. Louis goalie's chest from a shot by Tim Walters and clapped in a little arcing shot to ice the game. It was the sixth Indiana shutout of the season.

Bob Guetler, the coach of sixth-ranked Southern Illinois University (Edwardsville), was at the game, scouting both St. Louis, whom the Cougars play next month, and Indiana, whom they could meet in the NCAA postseason tournament. Afterward he seemed just as puzzled about what he had seen as the dejected St. Louis fan had been. "How do they do that?" he asked. "They are just unexplainable." **END**

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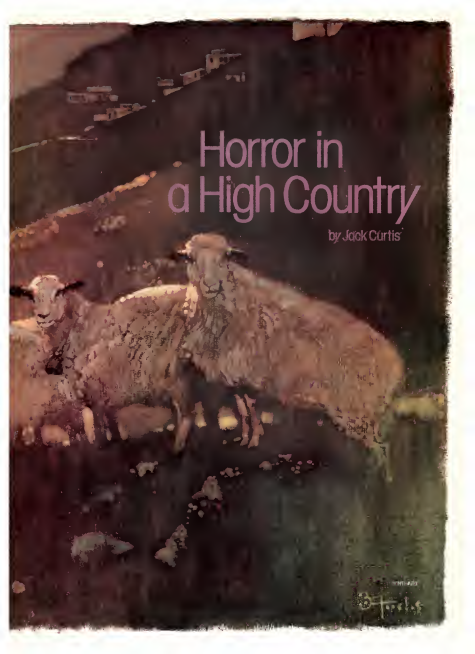
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A dark, atmospheric landscape painting. The scene is dominated by deep browns, blacks, and muted greens. In the foreground, a sheep's skull with prominent, curved horns lies on a dark, textured surface. The background shows rolling hills or mountains under a heavy, overcast sky with a pale, yellowish light source, possibly the sun or moon, creating a somber and ominous mood. The overall style is painterly and moody.

*The silence of the sheep was ominous. And when he came upon them,
the good life he had found was shattered. A work of fiction*



Horror in a High Country

by Jack Curtis

Illustrated by
G. Jones

In the morning I like to feed my six sheep a modest grain ration because they are pets and it suits me to be a gentle shepherd. Sometimes, in the fall, I feed them surplus apples off the trees, sometimes lettuce or spare roasting ears from the garden.

They are Cheviots, a breed I selected for its handsomeness and durability. Their clean white faces have intelligent brows and delicate features, their wool is deep and fits neatly over their shoulders like a Tudor cape, and they are stubborn individuals of Scottish origin much like myself. Usually Mac, the young imported ram, and his five ewes shoulder and butt each other to be first at my hand. But there are none this morning. I can't hear Mac's bell in the distance or their bleating.

As I look west over the front lawn to where it cracks steeply off into the valley, the distant irrigated fields between mountains and ocean are a blur; my gaze settles on the decayed dogtooth of the point, a far fang of rock, brown and crusted with salt and shorebird lime, and surrounded by rolling, gnawing surf.

In the grand clear dewy morning I'm apprehensive. I sniff the air like a wolf.

Poky, my black Lab, comes trotting to say good morning. Her chin is gray, her back sags. Good morning, you bum. I scratch old Poky's ears, worrying.

Looking south I check the green side of the ridge for new ulcers. When I first came here the ridge was ancient and untouched. We thought no one would ever build over there because it was too steep, in shade most of the day, there were no roads, water or power, and the ground wouldn't grow enough to feed a goat. Now look at the bulldozed pads, raw mouthfuls ripped out of the haunch of the natural ridge, adorned with houses that from this distance look more like machine shops.

Sometimes I hear their stereos and bongos or their dogs barking if the breeze is southerly.

Poky is sullen, sulky. The sheep are on her mind as well as my own. She drags along, tail down.

Whoa, sheep! Whoa, sheep! I feel a sockness tightening in my chest, knowing something's going to hit soon, and my body is already girding up to meet the shock. Whoeee, sheep! I whoop into the clear morning sky that melts into the sea at land's end.

A hawk wobbles stiffly on the morning thermal and shrieks his game-starting call. Whoooo!

Across the fields beyond the point, the ocean slops a white mop against the ragged land. Greens and browns, blues and whites, and the orange sun glistens off the shoulder of my sorrel colt.

No sheep come bounding like funny puff balls on pogo sticks.

I go through the gate and search high grass and brush, picking up to a frantic helpless crazy gallop, and I find them piled into the lean-to at the north corner of the pasture. The ewes were due to lamb this month.

continued





ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERNARD FUCHS



I pass the first one, her head extended, throat ripped out, and I drag at the hind legs of others driven head first against the wall, packed in like heavy bolsters, all lifeless.

I am muttering, cursing, nearly crying. Two of them have gashed legs and broken necks. Mac has been gutted, and three are ruptured and suffocated or dead from shock—no need to know. Such fine-boned, lovely animals, each a unique tough Scot, but they are all dead. Sometime during the night they'd been chased, cut down, driven in a frenzy against the wall.

My dog has turned back. She is simply too old for this kind of work.

Hard to find tracks in the grass. The cut-up dust in the shelter is confusing. It might have been a mountain lion, but there are only a lot of dog tracks.

A motley pack; some of the dogs were big and some small and fine.

Damn, damn. Beautiful, healthy sheep, smooth slender ankles and perky little ears poking out of fleecy ruffs. Dead, they look stupid.

I walk about, sick, searching for some worth, something redeeming in the badness, but all I can find are a few silky, copper-colored hairs caught in a sliver of a fence post. Irish setter, golden retriever maybe.

I use the truck and dump the carcasses over a downwind cliff, wash my hands and go into the house for breakfast.

"I've been waiting half the morning," my wife says.

"Something killed the sheep, the whole flock." I toss Mac's brass bell on the table.

A slender, strong-faced woman with red hair, my wife is not often openly upset. She cocks her head, closes her eyes, and asks for confirmation. "All of them?"

"That's what I said. It was dogs."

"Whose dogs?"

I have no answer.

"And next month there would have been a lot of little lambs out there frolicking around. Will you butcher?"

"I dumped them."

"Why not save the wool?"

If she wants to shear a bunch of dead sheep, she is welcome.

"Harry, don't take it so hard."

I don't want to talk. I go outside to the truck and drive down the mountain. Too late. Too late to sell out, too late to pioneer again. Too late for another private farmstead in another country. Too damned many people, too damned many dogs, too damned many years kinking my joints.

Too damned many people. The rural community wiped out. The rugged and often demented old-timers simply overwhelmed by numbers.

The taxes double and redouble, yet the land is re-zoned so I can't give it to my children, can't build rentals, can't build any structure in the touring mob's "viewshed."

My rough dirt road switchbacks down the mountainside into the valley.

Such a grand dewy day, all blue and green. The sheep fitted so perfectly within their environment, nibbling across the verdant pastures, all such a grand harmony. Damn, damn. It wasn't too much to ask, was it?

Near the bottom I pass through my old redwood gateposts with the weathered, carved sign overhead: APPLE PIE RANCH. Forty years ago, that name was a dream. Now it is my autobiography.

I turn into a blacktopped driveway marked with an aluminum letter sign: DARVY. Big old oaks along the driveway offer some privacy, but the house is young. They put only one nail in each end of the studs; the sheetrock is the thinnest, and the concrete short. I watched the contractor from L.A. throw the house together, saw him pull the reinforcing steel out of the foundation forms just after the building inspector left.

A big white poodle barks as I park the truck. He is cutely clipped with pomps around his ankles and another crowning his blocky head. The poodle stands on his hind legs and scratches at the truck door as I push my way out. Get down, you s.o.b., I say, and he pulls back, knowing he is guilty and I should kill him.

"Hello, Harry?" Beaming smile, eyes a blur behind thick black-framed glasses. Pendleton shirt. A pencil in his pudgy hand signals that I am interrupting screenwriter Darvy's work. "Come on in."

"No, thanks, Darvy. I'm in a hurry."

"Always in a hurry. What'll it get you? What it'll get you is a coronary. Takes one to know one. So what can I do for you?"

Darvy is never quite all there, sort of like his house. He is shorting on the steel in order to veneer the walls.

"Dogs killed my sheep during the night."

"Oh, Christ! Harry, that's terrible! Did you see 'em?"

"No, but if the dogs are packing up and traveling that far, things will get hurt, maybe a child."

"Well, it couldn't have been Tony. He sets his butt right there guarding the front door all night."

"You never know about dogs, good dogs, bad dogs, they pack up, and they change."

"Not Tony, he's true-blue."

"There's an old rule about dogs running wild."

"Sure, Harry, but that was before telephones. You ever see Tony running on your place, don't shoot him, just give me a call, O.K.?"

Darvy is sharp. Hollywood competitor, smiles a lot. Humor the old gaffer along, but show your teeth just enough.

With me it is too much. He likes his poodle, but I liked my sheep, too.

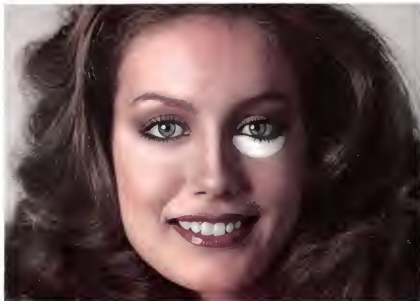
"Have a good one, Harry," he says as I climb into the truck. He hustles to his house holding his pencil like a scalpel, hurrying back to heal a cancerous script.

I sniff the sheep smell wiped off the face of the big, lumbering poodle. True-blue Tony, probably got an A plus in obedience school.

Another hundred yards, another driveway. This one lettered in hammered black iron: PATTIMAR. Margaret is dominant. Patti the pale invisible presence in the corner.

Margaret comes out into the yard to quiet her two Afghans—long-limbed, silken-haired dogs, too exotic for brush and ticks and foxtails: richly colored, supple, showy

continued



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High Country continued

animals. They ought to win blue ribbons. Patti stays inside the concrete block walls, but she is listening at a tall, narrow window of the sunless house.

Margaret is a blunt barrel, built about like Darvey.

When I try to tell her my errand, she steps up close with a challenging hostility. I don't feel hostile. I'm trying to save her dogs, but by now I can guess how it will go. I hate it already.

"Now look, Harry, don't bug me about my dogs, see. They're the absolute primo best—harmless like me unless they're crowded. You want to grump around, don't come grumpin' around here. We don't need it."

The two dogs dance around the yard like choreographed maple leaves, so graceful and flowing. I'm sick of the duality, and I doubt my own good sense.

I try to tell her that running wild dogs are menaces. She cocks a fist.

"You better understand that anybody hurts one of my dogs, I'll have the sheriff knocking on his door and my lawyers will be suing for every cent. . . ."

Back in my truck again I know I can't move them to take care of their pets. These people cut me down. They use their dogs as advance scouts, as weapons. They might not think so, might not even know it, but my empty pasture knows it.

The next stop is different, though it is still the basic bulldozed pad cut out of the hillside. The sign, made of pebbles and bottle tops, says HARVEST, but the man's real name is Macy, something like that. Inherited merchant money. Paid cash for the place and welfare from then on. Harvest is tall, has a curly gray beard and grizzled hair wrapped in a silk kerchief. Hippie pantaloons and fancy patched shirt, love all over his stoned features. His woman is no longer a chick, and four naked kids scramble around the yard, playing with a brown, misbegotten husky-Doberman mix. The dog looks as dilapidated and spooey as everything else in the Harvest menage.

A combination of two smart breeds, the dog is a stupid loser. He still has a wisp of wet wool between his front teeth. He grins foolishly when the kids climb on his back. And when I make my wild dog speech, Harvest, projecting a sense of sage-like profundity, answers quietly, about everything has its time and place,

continued

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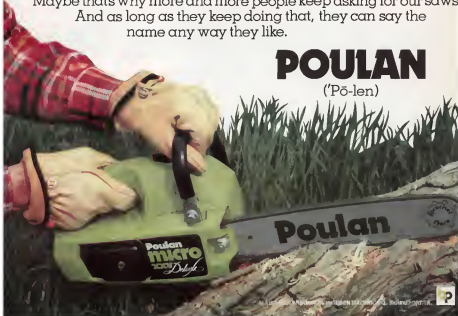
Maybe that's why more and more people keep asking for our saws.

And as long as they keep doing that, they can say the name any way they like.



POULAN

('Pö-len)



and love begets love, and good old shaggy Peacepipe knows his space, man, and that's all any living thing needs, right?

"But if he forgets, reverts to being a wolf?"

"Like Dracula on moonshine, or Frankenstein—wow! Far out! Don't worry, he's cool, man. His trip is happytime—besides, wolves are great."

"I know." I spent some years in Alaska, and I do know "But not if they kill just for fun."

"Old Peacepipe though, he's mellow. I feed him a special doggie biscuit." Harvest cackles with mocking laughter, as if I couldn't possibly know a green brownie.

Whether I like it or not, I have to talk to Eleanor Staude. She's old, a widow, alone except for her Dalmatian.

Her house has a peekaboo view of the ocean and the yard is full of flowering plants and shrubs. There is more sun in here than most of these lots. Even so, the sun rises an hour later and sets an

hour earlier than up on the ridge. There is hardly room to turn around in the parking area bulldozed out of the hillside. She's planted ivy on the bald cut, but it doesn't hide the scar.

The Dalmatian starts yapping hysterically, running around and around the truck. At the garden gate is Eleanor, a short, snub-nosed lady with a nice smile. Her hair, veined with silver, is done up in a bun.

"Hush, Roger, quiet now." She speaks softly to the dog.

"Hello, Harry," she greets me, holding out her hand. I notice the arthritic joints and I take it very gently. Roger by now has leaped into the back of my truck. He sniffs around, smells the dead sheep odor, and cowers.

"What a pleasure," she says, and asks if I'd care for some tea. I want to get my business finished, and I tell her of the sheep and of my suspicions.

"I can understand a police dog or a

Doberman," she speaks in a mild, thoughtful tone, "but not Afghans or poodles, or Roger, killing anything."

"You ought to put him on a chain, or keep him inside at night for a while."

"But one reason we moved to Big Sur is the freedom. It hardly seems fair to treat Roger as if he still lived in New York City."

I cannot dent her defense of Roger, any more than I could dent Harvest's defense of Peacepipe. People won't believe their dogs have a basic amoral wildness.

"Eleanor, look, if Roger doesn't come back some day, don't ask me about him because even if I know I won't tell you."

"I don't think I could get along without him." She's dead serious. "But I can't lock him up either."

"If you ever have to replace him, get a Labrador retriever. They're best for here."

"I don't want to think about it. It's such a lovely day." She smiles, looking

Our newer, truer, bluer,



at a flowering pink rhododendron, ignoring everything I've said or tried to say.

"Goodbye, Eleanor."

"Thank you for coming, Harry." She habitually smiles, but her old eyes are lost. No point in going further. Next would be D. B. Phelps, the transplanted Ivy League poet; next to his place is a couple named Beeman who make silk screens; and next are the nuns in the R and R retreat house; and below them there's Giles, the archaeologist, who has sense enough to know he doesn't need a dog; then Sally Sherman, who has a Pomeranian and writes greeting cards; and then Charlie, the heroin head, who has only a monkey on his back; and then there's Tootie Wisenberg, who has a big police dog; and finally at the bottom of the road lives Sam Hodman, son of the first homesteader.

Skip the rest of them. Go talk to Sam.

His driveway has no sign. The house is ancient for this country, all hand-split

redwood boards and shakes. Nearby molders an old barn of the same material. Scattered about the yard are stripped cars and tractors. I find Sam leaning into the engine of his bulldozer.

Sam is a huge man, and he curses as he pounds at a bolt with a hammer.

"Hello, Harry, what the hell is wrong now?" he growls over his shoulder.

I can laugh for the first time. Pure Sam.

"Sounds like you're having fun."

"Yeah, I like busting my knuckles. I get my jollies just mucking in black grease." Broad-chested Sam turns away from the engine and slams the hammer down to the ground like a grumpy Thor.

"By God, I've made a lot of mistakes in my life, but the worst one was thinking I could out-think a machine!"

"I'm the guy they send off for left-handed monkey wrenches."

"You're lucky. What can I do for you?"

Rocky, Sam's big yellow hound, wan-

ders by, too tired to bark or wag his tail.

After I explain about the sheep and dog tracks, Sam explodes, his big ham face beet red. "By God, Harry, the dumbest thing I did in my life was subdividing the ranch. All I got to show for it is a bunch of back-to-nature neighbors that don't know an ax from a river. They never hike into the back country, don't fish, don't hunt, don't go musseling or mush-rooming, don't grow nothing. I've got a dozen dim-witted phonies for neighbors when I could just as well have a dozen good steers grazing the hill. Now I own a \$100,000 bulldozer that won't run! Listen here, Harry, you see my dog on your land, you bust that s.o.b. in the belly with your ought-six and I'll pay for the ammo. I don't know if he's running, but don't bother giving him a murder trial, just blow him away."

This is a man I can understand. He's not intellectual, not merciful, but he's

continued

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not a plastic displaced neurotic either "Sam, I hope I don't have to."

"Don't worry about it. Just do it. Legally, it's O.K. I checked that out once myself with the state."

We shake hands and I let him go back to fighting the machine, while I drive on back up the road to the ridge that I named Apple Pie. If it weren't so beautiful, the hard living that nature exacts would be slavery.

From now on I must keep the colt in a tight corral, and I resent it every day when I toss hay into the pen. He could just as well be out eating grass on the hill-sides, but he's no match for a dog pack.

Maybe I ought to sell him. But with the sheep gone, the colt is the only interesting animal on the whole ranch and a country man needs to raise something.

Raise something or move to town. Buy into one of those condominium slums they're tacking up all over the valley. Keep a cat.

Someday I intend to ride the colt back into the Ventana Wilderness if he turns out to have good mountain feet. You don't want a clumsy horse carrying you on cliff-hanging trails, nor one that will spook on a ridge back. I reckon my legs will wear out about the same time the colt is ready.

But for now in this bathing month of April, I enjoy long walks in the green hills, into the primitive wilderness. I like to keep in time with the living system back up there, bucks and does, wild boars, how many mountain lions and coyotes feeding on them.

With binoculars I study a group of rooting wild boar on a far hillside. A coyote lies off to one side, his nose tucked under his tail. He has learned to travel with the herd and live off newborn piglets. The pig population is probably determined by how often the coyote is bored by baby pork. When he pines for a juicy wood rat or bunny rabbit, he leaves the herd for a while and gives the little ones their chance to grow.

The wild boar have been moving away from the highway. There was a time when they rooted through my front yard at night, but my guard dogs chased them out, and now the dog packs are harassing them farther and farther away.

A few rifles and shotguns hang on the wall of my shop, but I haven't hunted much since my boys grew up and went

to Australia. I wanted the kids to be nourished by the best-poisoned food available, including meat, and I wanted them to know that meat doesn't come in a plastic skin. I hunted according to my own ideas—young does in the fall, the bucks in the spring, wild boar any season. There were no game wardens or stray bystanders to worry you then.

But with the boys gone, I have come to the point where the blood and fleas and exhaustion from picking out a carcass isn't worth the killing.

Now I only carry binoculars, sometimes a sketch pad.

Of course, if a deer jumps the fence into the orchard, I'll shoot him the same as if he were a fox in the chicken house.

Same as with the dogs, I see the pack once in a while, the poodle, the Afghans, old Peacemaker, an Irish setter, but they keep to the lower elevations.

On this golden springtime day, I lie back on a high green knoll and watch the clouds ghost over, white and perfect as Chevrons. My mind drifts along, remembering the early wild days, remembering when I accidentally shot a boar in the nose on this knoll. Mad as hell, he made a run at me. I didn't think about the danger; I thought I should be shooting better because my bullets weren't slowing him down, and then I hit him a good one, and he died at my feet. I thought about the "moment of truth," a gem of Hemingway's imagination. Such a moment is not for me: you kill the charging boar, otherwise he kills you. In my own psyche there is no "otherwise."

And I don't agree that the thrill of hunting is expressed in killing a beloved or challenging wild thing, be it pheasant or elk. A dead bird or animal or a dead person is dead, an absolute, positive symbol of death, and there is no beauty in it, no possession, no encompassing, no cherishing. Death is death. The hunter possesses only his own death. The light gone from the radiant eye, the rainbow sheen instantly drying off fur or feather, the rot begun the moment death, not the hunter, possesses the hunted. And there is no beauty in it. Death is rot.

Besides, it is spring, the time of baby chicks and hill-sides purple with bluebonnets, and air clear and scented with wild lilac. There on the east ridge the sun rises early, warm and pastel behind Mount Manuel, casting a mountainous shadow

out over the blue flint sea, the meadows light and teasing with blossoms.

The white-tailed does are separating, moving toward the dangerous privacy of birth. These are the best days. I leave early, carrying lunch and binoculars, and I return at dark to feed the colt and have supper with the wife and chitchat.

"Harry, we haven't planted the garden yet."

"Vegetables are dull."

"Harry, you haven't been right since we lost the sheep."

"I saw twin fawns born this morning up on the summit in the madrones. They had legs the size of my little finger and they were slick as apple sap. I've been watching the big-bellied doe for a week, and by God, all of a sudden she squats, strains, and pops them out."

"You're going to break a leg back up in there one of these times and nobody will even know where to look."

These are the best days. I'm out at daybreak; dew drips from the low grasses. I want to follow those fawns clear into next winter, sketch a few studies, write a journal. I walk up the hog-back to my fence, cross through into the state park, then work up eastward toward the sun's glow, climbing the ridges to the summit. It's a hard two miles. My breath whistles, I'm sweating and my knees ache, but I feel euphoric, young and light on my feet. I feel like laughing, roaring back down at the ocean curving into space. I can even see the tiny red roof of my barn, but I can't laugh out loud. We have all agreed to be quiet.

I keep downwind of the patch of trees where the twin fawns should be sequestered, and I move slowly—a long, careful approach. In time they will not be afraid of me, but now they are spooky and vulnerable. If I am greedy, or heavy-footed, I might destroy them.

I survey the madrone knoll for 15 minutes and see nothing. They must be sleeping. Fine with me. I have the whole mountain range and the broad tanker-dotted sea to look at while they nap.

But I smell it. I guess I sense it even more than I smell it. A hint, I wait an hour before admitting my dread that death is at work.

Pieces of the two rapped-up and uneaten fawns are scattered through the low-

continued

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ly golden-barked trees where the dogs flushed them out, caught them and ripped them.

The doe has two defenses: to remain absolutely still or run crazier than anything else.

She's probably hanging around, down in the gulch, circling, hoping the fawns have lain still since she tried to decoy the pack away, her bag stretched full of milk, her eyes wary, head up, hooves touching silently.

She will not recognize the shreds of her young.

This death is unspeakably hideous.

They aren't coyote tracks, and they aren't cat tracks; they are tracks of a motley dog pack.

I have had enough. They have run me and mine clear to this summit in the only wilderness left.

I head home. There I look over the dusty rifles, cradled on a walnut rack. There's the ought-six for long, bard shooting, the .44 magnum carbine for brush hunting, the surplus M-1 carbine for quickness, the old .30-30 saddle gun for reliable all-round shooting, then the 22s for bluejays and gophers.

Planning the campaign, I have to ask myself if the dogs will attack. The answer is no, they will not: if I yell, they'll turn and run. Otherwise they'll tear me to pieces but there is no otherwise in me.

Therefore, I shouldn't need the short automatic rifles. I need the soft-triggered long barrel. The maple-stocked ought-six has an eight-power scope, and with a little practice I can hit a rat at 300 yards. That's a long way in this country. The ammunition is old, but it's still bright brass in cardboard boxes. I settle on 180-grain softpoint slugs.

In my mind's eye, I picture the hunt. I decide right then that I must take them all. I don't want to just scare them. I want to exterminate them so that I won't be dumping sheep or seeing fawns torn up next year.

I admit I enjoy the idea.

In the morning I hike down to a small bench near my fence line, just above Darvey's place. He isn't up yet, and Tony, his poodle, doesn't bark. He doesn't bark because he's gone. I scout the area and find the ground where they meet, just a little meadow, fine for a frolic. Then tally-ho, off they go! Plenty of tracks and signs.

They'll take a natural course, and fol-

low my road a ways. I track them on up to where they cut left at the next switchback, and that gets them away from my house. I see the old deer run they follow and keep on their trail. My scent won't bother them much when they come looping across tomorrow. Now on a bare ridge in the open country, they're free of man. They use that bare ridge to go into the higher hills.

The trail becomes indistinct, because from now on there are rabbits, coons, foxes, deer, bobcats. The dogs change their way of going according to the animal they flush out and run. Sooner or later they reach the summit, though, and I must plot them between this bare hogback and the top ridge to set my ambush.

I know different areas where, if I can catch them right, I'll have them concentrated long enough for the massacre.

No burry. Half the fun is the plan and stalk. I go on bome and set up a bottle at 200 yards to blow it away with the silky Remington trigger.

In the afternoon I am high up enough so I can see that bare ridge down below, and notice a sort of cul-de-sac burned-over area across a gulch from me. A hundred yards. Once in that open spot they cannot go any higher because of a cliff and a rockslide. It's a great place for them to chase game into. But best for me, there is no brush or forest cover to hide them. Say about 300 yards of total exposure. That makes my arc to be from 100 yards across from my site to 250. I have about 20 seconds at most to shoot six to 10 dogs.

The Remington is bolt action, accurate but slow. Best if I can move my position closer down to pen them in, make them come at me to escape.

I climb on over, making sure there will be cover all the way, and find that spot. Once there, I have them in the bag and they'll have to make a run at me to get out, but they won't; they'll be panicked and either jump off the cliff or circle crazy until they're all down.

Just in case, I'll bring the .44 hog gun loaded and ready, too. The Remington holds only six cartridges.

I build a rifle rest of an old log that looks natural enough, and I check the fire lane, making sure I can cover all of

it. They'll roar by with mad eyes and crying throats, hot for the kill.

Now I must wait day after day, night after night, while they hunt. I listen as they circle one way or another, coming up the hill and beyond. I carry the two rifles fully loaded and my binoculars, nothing else.

I'm becoming an expert on wild dogs, but their patterns are so accidental I must trust chance. They don't leave for the hills at any particular time, and sometimes they stay out two or three days, living off their kills.

In the next week I have long looks at them and maybe once or twice I could kill one, but I don't try.

There are always at least six, sometimes nine. A pair of them, the Irish setters, I recognize as belonging to a retired movie star whose house is four miles down the coast.

They romp and play in the tall wild oats, bappy clowns, beautiful, grand, powerful friends until they scare out some small creature that transforms them into yipping, snarling predators.

I'm tiring. Luck is with them and against me. They are not led into the old bare burn. Somehow the rabbit or bobcat they're chasing turns away, seeming to know that to enter that path is to be trapped.

While I wait, I wonder if I should try for another flock of sheep. I wonder if I will have to leave the coast when these dogs are dead and their owners come at me in concert. People have been run out of this country for less. I will not answer them. I will say the wilderness is beautiful and cruel. I wonder about packs of men who set upon another man for a cause: abortion, free love, democracy, cockfighting, religion, atheism, bullfighting, human rights, taxes, money.

The metaphor of the dog pack is too obvious, too sickening.

The awful question has to come: Who am I to judge the killers? Have I not abandoned reason, too? Am I not just as dedicated in arranging this execution as that pack of dogs is dedicated to killing? And yet comes that final back-against-the-wall stubborn conviction when you say I don't know, I don't care, this is the line I have drawn and I will not back up. Maybe I'm crazy as a bedbug, but I'm going to kill that mess of dogs no matter what.

Lot of time to think, sitting here con-

continued

cealed on my promontory like God, waiting for the right accident to happen. And the country is so beautiful in its colors, the kindly breezes, perfume of spring flowers and grasses, the bright flows of finches, and the ancient wind rovers, the redtail hawks, routinely culling the dumber rabbits.

Out at sea, beyond dogtoothed Point Sur, a pair of white fishing boats bob over the reefs, they too preying.

I'm tired. Too old for this kind of madness. Why not fold up the tent and accept the condominium with all the grace a 60-year-old mountain man retains?

On the 10th day, at dawn, again I take my stand. I'm pretty sure the dogs went home the day before. They'll be as rested as I am weary, but then again, it might just be my day for a change.

Fox sparrows and juncos work around in the brush, and the wonderful flush of golden rose fills the sky behind the mountain.

I hear the little yip of greeting far down below. My ears tune in like a radio telescope on an invisible planet. An answering little bark filters out of the redwood canyon. They're making their meet. I have my binoculars trained on the first open spot on the lower trail. If they are coming, they'll pass there soon. They never make much noise down that far when they start to prowl.

The rifles are loaded. I'm ready whenever they're ready. The burn area is empty. If they miss my ambush today, I'll have to start hunting them one at a time, even though I know that's not a solution, only vengeance.

I see them through the glasses, coming single file. Their leaders are Pattimar's golden Afghans. But they don't look like choreographed leaves now; they're tall and alert, their muscles are hot and the wild blood is roaring. They're the way dogs ought to be and were before man made them his best friend and humbled slave.

Indeed, they are transformed into splendid animals of natural beauty and power. The Irish setters have come along too, ranging, heads low for scenting. Bright, copper red, they could be Sioux on the scout a hundred years ago, so real are they in their environment. Then comes old Peacepipe, drifting by like a proud hunter, the new agility and fire in him amazing. And there's Tony strid-

ing along like a fancy French paladin, and spotted Roger goes bouncing by. There's Tootie Wisenberg's police dog, and Phelps' saluki coursing like an Arab sheik, and Beeman's collie, low to the ground. One more, a big, black dog, part Auredale, part Dane. I don't know him. A newcomer. And there are no more. I'm relieved. Old Rocky, Sam Hodman's dog, is not in this gang of rangers. Rocky, like my Lab, Poky, knows his job is to defend the homestead, not to attack outside nature.

Ten big dogs, hot to trot. Chances are against their going into my trap, but I have the sense that they will go, the same sense you have when you're pitching horseshoes and as the shoe leaves your fingers, you know it will be a ringer.

I drop down behind my rock. The breeze is from the west, in my favor.

A yip, a bark, and another, and they're in full cry, on to something I can't see. They're nearly half a mile below in the redwoods, but it's something bigger than a rabbit. By now I'm sure this is my day. If I myself don't mess it up, Destiny is taking them to my selected spot, but if I get in the way I deserve nothing.

I see the big doe. Her ears are back and she's jumping crazy on the snapping springs of her incredible legs, dodging from one side to another, trying to use the cover and simply beat her pursuers with her abandoned race, willing to break legs and neck in her mad flight, because it's all she has to save her life; but, my God, the saluki is fast!

Nothing in this country can outrun that silky cousin of the greyhound. The saluki cannot bring down the doe, because she's too light, her head and jaws too small. She's bred for running small desert animals and the doe is simply too big for her, but the bigger dogs, slower but stronger, will arrive.

What a time they must have had with my sheep. It must have been over in seconds. The racing saluki should be brought down first.

Straggling, baying, barking, the rest of the pack stays closer together, not bothering to figure out or follow the zigs and zags, just hanging on to the course of the saluki.

A concerted, fearful, frightening din

of dogs, powerful natural forces on the run, hooked into their primordial flood, and they want hot smoking blood.

The doe is tiring. She can go another mile maybe, but she'll need luck to lose this mob. Even without the saluki they could take her. Shall I try to save the doe at the expense of the ambush? I decide she must live or die on her own, as if I were not here.

But I'm coiled up into my own spring. I have the ought-six slung over my shoulder. I have the .44 in my left hand and I'm crouched and screened, studying the doe. Will she go into the bare burn?

They are only 300 yards below me now and cutting across to the next knoll. The doe is avoiding my spot, but suddenly the saluki nips her hocks, and she swerves back, out of control, an insane deer leaping valiantly, crazily, veering off, coming up the cross ridge, up and onto the rocky ridge back that can go nowhere except into the bare burn!

I'm off, moving fast.

The doe and the saluki are going up and in as I drop down behind the log, timing it to the second. I count the dogs as they go by, tongues flapping, ears flattened, screaming in pursuit. Two pretty Afghans going all out, the Dalmatian, two Irish setters side by side, Tootie's police dog, the poodle, the collie, the black Dane-Auredale, and good old stoned Peacepipe dragging up the rear. He passes so near I could trip him from my hideout, but he's as intent on death as any of them. I set the .44 aside, lay the loaded ought-six across the log, snap off the safety, and crouch on one knee, sighting in ... what shall I sight in on ... where is the fast saluki ...?

A pack of crazy dogs tearing at a big doe, reds, whites, blacks, mottled splottches; rearing, blood on their big-fanged muzzles, snarling at each other; the doe disappearing beneath.

I begin to fire ...

When the dogs are all dead, as dead as my sheep, as dead as the fawns, I turn to the doe, scrambling away from me. Too much blood to tell how badly she's hurt. I let her go. Her life is her own.

Slinging the empty ought-six on my shoulder, I unload the .44 and follow the trail that takes me home.

I will not leave Apple Pie Ridge. I know where I stand.

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Yesterday

by RICHARD ROGIN

HIS COACH AND TEAMMATES REMEMBER THE RUNNER WHO WENT ALL THE WAY

"He kept a kind of low profile—not the kind of guy you would ever figure to be President of the United States. He was very nice and pleasant. Nothing struck me as dynamic or outstanding. He was so star. Steady, a plugger, backup." So said Nathaniel Heller, Class of '47, U.S. Naval Academy, speaking of his classmate and teammate, Jimmy Carter, 39th President of the United States.

This fall will mark an anniversary of sorts in Carter's brief, and unexceptional, athletic career, 35 years ago the President was a member of the Academy's undefeated plebe cross-country team, which *The Log*, the midshipmen's magazine, described, with pardonable hyperbole, as "one of the finest in Naval Academy history." The 19-year-old Carter wasn't a great cross-country man, but he was good enough to win his class numerals, as Navy swept all three meets held on its Annapolis, Md. course during the war-shortened 1943 season.

"He was always strong in the last 100, 150 yards," recalls Ellery Clark Jr., who retired last June after 38 years of coaching the plebe team and teaching history at the Academy. "He enjoyed cross-country. He trained very well. That team, including Jimmy, was one of particularly good camaraderie and spirit. He was an important member of the team."

The plebes began their sweep by trouncing Baltimore Polytechnic Institute 15-40 (the low score winning), with Carter finishing fourth over the course of just under two miles in 10:33, only three seconds behind his winning teammate, John Finneran. When asked recently whether he remembered Carter, Finneran, who not long ago retired as a vice-admiral, crisply replied, "No." Then he quickly added, "I don't know if that's senility or not."

That's not surprising. "When you run," says Heller, now an executive for a manufacturing firm in Caracas, "you don't have too much contact. You're always out of breath."

"He was just one of the guys," recalls

Richard Yeatman, a retired carrier pilot who now sells real estate in Arnold, Md. "Jimmy Carter was just somebody I remember. Jack Finneran could have been President."

In their second meet, against Baltimore City College, the plebes' "camaraderie and spirit" inspired them to finish in an eight-way tie for first. The time for the entire team was 10:33, Carter thereby matching his effort against Baltimore Polytechnic.

"We all got ahead," remembers Andrew Sansom, a Navy weapons engineer from Glendora, Calif. "In the last half mile we decided to get together and screw up the record books. It was kind of fun."

"Some at the front waited until the stragglers came up," says Paul Beam, a helicopter design engineer in Indianapolis, adding that there was more to the tie than the fun of scrambling the records. "They were nice enough to wait so we could all earn our numerals."

Carter, who actually graduated in 1946 under an accelerated wartime three-year program, was one of those who received the gold 1947 numerals, which are traditionally sewn on the back of the Academy's blue bathrobes.

In the final meet, on Nov. 6, against Mercersburg Academy, the plebes once again drubbed their opponents, this time 20-35. Carter came in a mediocre seventh, though his time improved to 10:17.

Thus ended his formal athletic career.

Carter's strong cross-country showing at Navy is somewhat surprising in view of the fact that his high school in Plains, Georgia, from which he graduated in a class of 14 girls and 12 boys, didn't have a track or cross-country team. Nor were there any intercollegiate athletics at Georgia Southwestern, a junior college in nearby Americus, that Carter attended next. And Carter didn't go out for sports during his brief stay at Georgia Tech, either. Where had the President learned to run?

Billy Wise, a classmate at Plains High School and Georgia Southwestern, recalls that in their last year at Plains, after practicing basketball on an outdoor dirt court, he and Carter would run home to their neighboring farms in the community of Archery, a distance of 2½ miles.

"We used to run down the railroad, a block from school," Wise says. "We ran on the cross-ties. It took practice. You had to keep the length of your stride right to hit the tie. Otherwise you'd get a sprained ankle. What we were mainly doing was building up our stamina. I can't think why we chose the railroad," adds Wise, explaining that the dirt road to Archery ran almost parallel to the tracks.

Carter's only other athletic achievement was playing forward—"He had a hook shot," Wise recalls—on the Plains High basketball team. During his last year in school, when his team had a losing record, Carter played one of his best games against Leesburg, scoring nine points as Plains won 23-18. At Georgia Southwestern, Carter made the intramural freshman all-star basketball team as a starting guard. One of his teammates at Southwestern, Bobby Logan, now a high school coach in Albany, Ga., remembers Carter as "about five-foot-seven, 130, 135 pounds. He was a little better than average. Nothing spectacular, a steady performer. He would hustle. He never was a big scorer. I did the scoring."

Jimmy Carter certainly wasn't elected captain of the big Red, White and Blue team because of his athletic prowess. But that old determined surge in the last 100, 150 yards seems to have stood him in good stead.

When Coach Clark sent Carter a congratulatory note after his election, he received a prompt acknowledgment: "Your cross-country coaching came in handy during the last two years of my campaign."



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 9-15

BASKETBALL—YUGOSLAVIA won the world amateur title, beating the defending champion U.S.S.R. 82-81 in the final game. The U.S. finished 80th.

[illegible]

CHENG—Challenging Viktor Korneev in an astonishing comeback, with his third consecutive game at the world championship in Baguio City, the Philippines, and evened the score at 5-5 when world champion Anatoly Karpov resigned on the 71st move of the 71st game. Whoever won the 76th game, takes the match.

PRO FOOTBALL—Rapidly improving Philadelphia won 17-10, reducing the number of unbeaten teams to two—Los Angeles and Pittsburgh. Defensive tackle Reggie Harrison, an Eagle rookie, had two sacks, knocked down a pass and intercepted a punt. He also blocked a punt. Harrison had 10 sacks in 1973 last season. Philadelphia's Wilbur McManis gained 125 yards on 23 carries for a 20-0 rout over the league ranking 12th Los Angeles Rams. Dan Fouts, the 12th pick in the 1974 draft in the Cowboys' 24-21 overtime defeat of wretched St. Louis. Roger Staubach was 21 for 46 for 269 yards and three touchdowns. Earl Marshall won the NFL's Most Valuable Player award with 128 carries for 1,000 yards. Oakland's Ken Stabler also had a superb day, completing 12 of 19-13 pass plays, including a 49-yard throw to Fred Biletnikoff. Stabler was 24-43 for 248 yards and three touchdowns in a 24-9 victory over the Atlanta Falcons. Although Cleveland lost to the AFC Central and as best Cleveland for the second time 34-14. Stinker rookie Larry Anderson returned a kickoff 85 yards for a touchdown. Anderson and Lynn Swann gained 100 yards for the Steelers. Anderson had 100 yards for the Steelers for 15 yards.

time. One of those fumbles and interceptions of two passes by Green Bay was helped by a 50-yard kickoff return and a miraculous defense at a sack a 20-0 first-quarter lead over Seattle and then coming on to a 41-28 win. The Packers' defense was the best in the league, with Reggie Brown, and the defense, led by the "Gang Green" inside line, forced seven turnovers. Saint Cloud's tight end, Mike Anderson, was named the NFL's Most Valuable Player. The New England over Cincinnati by 10-3. The win kept the Patriots in a first-place bid with Miami in the AFC East. The Dolphins beat San Diego 18-14 as Bob Griese, who was named the NFL's Most Valuable Player, threw two touchdowns over Cincinnati. The game the entire week and was watched for 11 and a half hours for a television audience. Ben Jones also won again for the first time in his career. The Redskins beat the Dallas Cowboys 27-10 in the first quarter, and the Jets went on to beat the Colts 35-10. The Rams defeated the Vikings 34-17. The Browns beat the Pittsburgh Steelers 27-10. The Browns' Harry Carson's fourth-quarter interception and fumble recovery set up touchdowns and the Giants overcame a 14-3 deficit to beat Tampa Bay 17-14. Houston rallied from a 14-0 deficit to beat the Oilers 20-17. The Oilers won 703 yards, the fourth time this season he has exceeded 700. San Francisco ran after interceptions, New Orleans beat San Antonio 14-7, and Atlanta defeated Denver 14-10.

HUGE—NHL. It was no surprise that Stanley Cup champion Montreal won in their first game. But it was a shock that Vancouver did. The Canucks scored their goals on successive nights in wins over Colorado (2-0) and Philadelphia (2-1). They were also the only team to score three goals in that game and tied twice in a 6-2 loss to Los Angeles. Last season's goal-scoring leader, Guy Lafleur, scored six goals and had an assist to lead the Canucks to the playoffs. In his last NHL game, he led Montreal beat Minnesota by the same score. Toronto, the only other 2-0 team, edged Pittsburgh 2-1, snapping a string of eight consecutive one-goal victories. The Islanders, Toronto Wings, Dallas Stars and New York Defencemen Denis Potvin each had a hat trick. The Islanders had to settle for a 2-1 tie against Buffalo. The Rangers' Brian Leetch scored four goals. Smith scored the final point with 2:50 left. Goalkeeper Don Edwards had 42 saves in Buffalo's second game. A 5-7 win over Minnesota, Bobby Orr made his first regular-season start since Feb. 27, 1981. He had two assists and a goal. The Bruins had given him no trouble. Boston's 4-2 victory over Pittsburgh was costly. Defenceman Brad Park, the Bruins' best player, broke knee and had an operation that will keep him out for several weeks.

WHA. Winnipeg opened defense of its championship with a 5-4 win over Birmingham. Jens Lofgren Wing-Moore Lukowicz scored the game-winning goal with six seconds remaining, and Right Wing Bill Lemark got the game-winner at 3:34 of overtime. Nineteen-year-old Birmingham Goatslayer Pat Riggs had 38 saves. Winnipeg also defeated Indianapolis 6-3 in Jeter Center. Peter Sullivan scored two goals and Center Keri Nelson had three assists and a goal. In the only other game, Edmonton beat Cincinnati 3-2, on a goal by Right Wing Bill Goldsworthy.

HORSE RACING—EXCELLER (59-60), Bill Shoemaker up, won the \$321,800 Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont by a nose over Seattle Slew. The 5-year-old covered the 1 1/4 miles in a stakes record of 2:27 3/4. Owner: J.D.

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT defeated Virginia Wade 6-3, 6-2, 6-4 to win the \$100,000 U.S. Women's Indoor Championship in Bloomington, Miss.

MLB REPORTS—FIRED TOMMY McVIE 43, as coach of the NHL Washington Capitals, two days before the season opener. In his 25½ years with the Capitals, McVie had a 49-127-33 record. He has been replaced by DANNY BELLINSE, 41. Formerly general manager and coach of the AHL Philadelphia Flyers.

DIED RALPH METCALFE, 68, former track star and U.S. Representative from Illinois, of a heart attack, in Chicago. Co-holder of the 100-meter record three times and the 200-meter record once, Metcalfe—who won a total of 14 NCAA and AAR championships, was the “World’s Fastest Human” in 1934-35. He was a gold medalist as a member of the U.S. 400-meter relay team in the 1936 Olympics, in which he also finished second in Jesse Owens in the 100.

DIED H. OF JOHNSON, 75, the first female to be honored in a porky and the second to receive a master's license, in Citry, Md. Johnson rode a steeplechase race on the back-seat of a car for several years before purchasing a mount at a racetrack track, in Maryland, in 1943. She won seven races and earned the best seat.

CREDIT

99-22-James Drake 23-Henry Klutznicker James Drake (Inset) 24-25-Henry Klutznicker 26-Manny Miller 27-John Jacobo 28-Patrick Reed Miller 29-Rick Carlson Manny Miller 30-Peter Reed Miller 31-Art Shay (Berlino) 32-John Willard 33-Ken Rogin Carver 34-Illustration by Walt Spornier 35-Benjamin Silverman 36-George Tegenmeyer 37-Joe Valera-Palo Alto Times (1) Carl D. Harris-Berkeley-Superstar(7)

FACES IN THE CROWD



GRECO SEARLES
54.84.1

Gregg, a halfback, at 4' 9" and 95 pounds the smallest member of the Longford Park midget football team, gained 230 yards on 19 carries in a 26-0 win over North Dale Playgrounds. The 14 year old eighth-grader also scored all 26 points.

MIKE BREWER
Baseball Catcher

Along with hitting .476 for Palo Alto's American Legion state runner-up team, Mike, 18, was 11-1 as a pitcher, with a 2.68 ERA in 94 innings. A sophomore, Mike is also a starting forward for the Football Junior College basketball team.



TERRELL EUGENE WALTERS
Kalamazoo, Mich.

As a result of her performance in the International Arabian Horse Show in Vancouver, British Columbia, Tern Sue, now 18, was named Canadian champion in saddle-seat equitation. She is also the U.S. stock-seat equitation champion.



PETE NOTARO
Illustrator

With three goals and an assist in a 10-1 victory over Catholic University, Noroso became the leading career scorer in the history of Loyola College soccer. The senior has 71 goals and 20 assists and has scored in 43 of the 62 games he has started.



RUDY RUDINOW
Heaven

Rudson, a 5'5" 160-pound senior halfback at Class 2-AA Marian Christian, broke the Texas one-game high school rushing record by 79 yards when he carried the ball 32 times for 599 yards in the Colts' 85-22 romp over Houston Memorial.

DAVE MARTINATZ
Salem, Ind. Pa.

Don, 12, completed four years of Little League with a 27-0 pitching record that included a three-hitter, a two-hitter, a one-hitter and a no-hitter in all-star games. This year the seventh grader also led his league in hitting with a .729 average.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

ZEBRAS

Sir:

William O. Johnson says it all about horrendous officiating in the NFL's Open Season on the Zebras, Oct. 9! If the refs had the ability to admit it when they are wrong it would be a major breakthrough. However, because they don't, the instant replay seems to be the way to go. If there is a questionable call by an official, the coach can ask for the replay. If the replay doesn't show definite evidence of a bad call, then let the original call stand.

Ako, you mentioned that Tommy Bell wanted to get the rule changed about intentional grounding of a forward pass. You mean it hasn't been changed? I'm sick of seeing renowned quarterbacks like Fran Tarkenton consistently throw the ball away to protect themselves from a loss of yardage.

RICHARD TWITCHELL
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Chicken Little went around screaming, "The sky is falling," but did nothing about it. William O. Johnson reported on zebra flu, but couldn't find a cure. We have the technology to fly through space and tap-dance on the moon, but Johnson says TV instant replay won't solve the officiating problem.

Instant replay may have its limitations, but still it's a lot better than the instant confusion that players and fans have had for too much of lately.

KRIS A. UPTON
Fresno, Calif.

Sir:

Art McNally, supervisor of NFL officials, said he was proud of the years of experience of his 100 officials, who "average 48 years of age." He nailed the biggest problem right there. At 48 the official is about 20 years older than the players. What about an absolute age limit of 45 to 50? Above 50 our zebras may be hampered by age and short wind.

MAC BARTLETT
Tulsa

Sir:

I cannot understand why McNally doesn't permit discussion by officials of the negative habits of some players. Regular offenders encourage other players to be lax about the rules. Intentionally illegal play degrades the game.

CHUCK BROWER
New York City

Sir:

William O. Johnson refers to the 1977 AFC championship game between Denver and Oakland and the Rob Lytle fumble near the Oakland goal line. Granted, Lytle did fumble

and the call was wrong. But what Johnson and almost every other writer who uses that game as an example fails to mention is the blown call on Jack Dolbin's touchdown catch. Take away Denver's touchdown after the Lytle "non-fumble" but give the Broncos at least six points on Dolbin's circus catch, which was mistakenly ruled a trap, and the eventual score probably would have been the same.

For every publicized bad call by an official there is usually another, unpublishable one to even things out.

RLSTY BRADSHAW
La Grande, Ore.

Sir:

The article does nothing to solve the problems, which are fundamental and can be resolved only by people with a consummate knowledge of the rules and of officiating. Alas, such individuals are in short supply. At all levels of play too many people who are utterly lacking in qualifications influence the caliber of officiating. Even worse, the subject is being taught by instructors who seem to possess mediocre credentials. It is surprising that officiating is as good as it is, considering the many burdens under which it functions.

HOWARD A. WITZ
Cincinnati

Sir:

I must agree with Tommy Bell when he says, "If the game was infallible, it wouldn't be worth watching."

MARK J. REEFT
Ellensburg, Wash.

Sir:

What Tommy Bell fails to understand is that the fans are interested in the fallibility of the players, not the officials. Let's have our surprise packages based on the actions of the players, not on peculiar calls by the officials.

PHIL HARMON
New York City

YANKEE FINISHES

Sir:

The Yankees were 59-49 at the two-thirds point in 1977. In 1978 they were also 59-49 at the same point. They finished 41-83 under Billy Martin in 1979, and 41-14 under Bob Lemon this year. The fact is, the team is a strong finisher, regardless of who is managing. In 1974, under Bill Vardon, the Yanks finished 36-18 after a 53-55 start. That was another year in which the Red Sox proved to be a late-fading team. Granted, the drama of the most recent surge was the most intense because of the size of the deficit and the closeness of the race at the wire.

STUART POTTER
Denver

BLANK ON BRUTALITY

Sir:

It has been my wish not to enter into the discussion on the brutality of the modern game of American football and I trust this letter will not further the conflicting dialogue that the series on brutality elicited (*An Unfolding Tragedy*, Aug. 14 et seq.). But I did wonder what tenderfoot convinced the writer of the series that pursuit and gang tackling, along with the present headgear, contributed to a form of lethal destruction. Football is not a dirty game.

The final article in the series became hopelessly bogged down in recommendations, most of which are partially covered by the present rules.

Probably the writer is too young to have any definitive information on the game that led to Teddy Roosevelt's warning. I remember well when, as a player, I was greeted by a line coach who started every session with "Let's see some blood." I recall the death of West Point Cadet Eugene Byrne in 1909. I was an assistant coach at the Academy in 1931 when Army's Dick Sheridan was fatally injured in the Yale Bowl, so I'm less impressed by "the thunder already being heard."

But I do not scold. Rather, I believe there is a way to slow down excessive defensive enthusiasm and eliminate cheap shots, late hits, out-of-bounds hits and misdirected attention to throwing quarterbacks. I suggest assessing the present penalty for violations and, in addition, in flagrant cases banning the player for three minutes, but, unlike hockey, letting a substitute be inserted into the game. I know of no better way to quiet emotions than to have a penalized player sit on the bench watching his substitute take his place, all the while mulling over his headbunting and uncalled-for personal fouls.

EARL (RED) BLANK
Las Vegas

LEAN PORKERS

Sir:

Regarding your item on racing pigs in SCORECARD (Oct. 2), winner Roy Holding was a tad optimistic in his claim that a 2.9-second, 40-foot sprint extrapolates to a 5.7-minute mile. In fact, it is a 6.4-minute-mile pace. However, while a feed had motivated the chubby speedsters in the "40," Holding did not mention what would loom on the horizon at the mile mark. If he ever does get a pig to run a 5.7-minute mile, I'd like to know the brand name of that bacon; to cook it you'd have to add your own fat.

RUTUS COLE
New York City

STRIPERS

Sir:

Shame on Clive Gammon (*A Date with Nemesis*, Oct. 2). If he keeps knocking away at those stripers, he'll bring on a nemesis of a different sort—namely short seasons and severe limits on the already dwindling supply of bass. Three-quarters of a ton of stripers is more than an indulgence, it's a slaughter—a vain display that takes the sport out of sportfishing.

ROBERT BOGGS
Los Angeles

ONE PLATOON (CONT.)

Sir:

I respectfully take exception to the comments of John Kellogg, my DePauw University "fraternity father" (*IVY HOLE*, Sept. 25). One-platoon football, which Kellogg advocates, was a boon only to the "iron man" type of player, who survived because he was the fittest. Excluded from participation in the game were many skilled athletes whose primary assets were speed or the ability to pass, receive or kick. Since the advent of two-platoon football, thousands of athletes who once would have languished on the bench—or quit the squad—have had an opportunity to compete and excel.

In studying Big Ten rosters for 1958, when single-platoon football was flourishing, I note that the average number of lettermen returning per school from the 1957 season was 19.8. This figure remained fairly constant, rising to 20.7 in 1959, falling to 19.0 in 1960. In contrast, my study of the 1978 Big Ten rosters shows an average of 39.5 lettermen returning per school. Thus, in 20 years, participation has increased 100%.

How many recent players of relatively small stature would have survived the rigors of one-platoon ball? I am thinking of outstanding collegians like Mike Harkrader (Indiana), Bill Marek (Wisconsin), Eric Allen (Michigan State), Rod Gerald (Ohio State), Mike Adams (Northwestern), etc.

I am the father of two budding young athletes, and I hope that if they are skilled as receivers, passers or kickers, but don't possess the talents to play defense, they won't be denied the opportunity to enjoy the benefits of playing football.

MIKE MCCLURE
Former Director
Big Ten Service Bureau
Wheaton, Ill.

WEST CHESTER'S IMAGE

Sir:

All of us at West Chester State College are gratified that an article about Joe Senser appeared in *SI* (*For Him, It's Better to Receive*, Sept. 25). Joe is a fine young man, and his diverse talents deserve national recognition. We are upset, however, at some misconceptions about West Chester that figure prominently in the article and create an unfavorable and demeaning image of this institution.

continued

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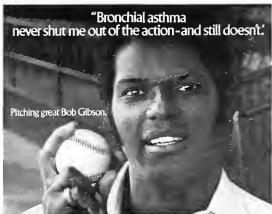
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18TH HOLE (continued)

I'd like to correct those misconceptions.

First, West Chester is not a physical education school, as one could easily infer from the article. We do have a School of Health, Physical Education and Recreation, but it is only one—and by no means the largest—of six schools. We have very strong programs in the liberal arts and in many professional fields, at both the undergraduate and graduate levels. Moreover, we do not "churn out hundreds of phys-ed teachers every year." On the average, we graduate only about 165 physical education majors every year out of a total of approximately 1,300 graduates.

Second, it is unlikely that many students are making cracks about the college library. Only last year, attitude surveys of both students and faculty revealed the library to be one of the most outstanding facilities on campus. The library contains 360,000 bound volumes, and its micromedia collection comprises an additional 350,000 volumes.

Finally, the overall impression created by the article is that we have little to do here but idolize a single athlete. That may be a cute way for a journalist to achieve focus, but it is unpleasant for several thousand of our students to read I assure you that "the emotional well-being" of West Chester State College does not "hinge on the impending graduation of one football player."

CHARLES G. MAYO
President

West Chester State College
West Chester, Pa.

Sir,

Most people don't know about West Chester State College. Why not identify the Rams as the team that lost three straight Pennsylvania Conference championship games to Slippery Rock (1972, 1973 and 1974)? Then they will get some respect.

JOHN CARPENTER
Slippery Rock State College
Slippery Rock, Pa.

LEFT AND RIGHT
Sir,

In BASEBALL'S WEEK (Sept. 25) you stated, in effect, that Tom Seaver holds the National League strikeout record of 289. Am I mistaken in the belief that Sandy Koufax holds the modern record with 382 strikeouts, achieved in 1965? And that in 1972, Steve Carlton of Philadelphia pitched 310 strikeouts? What's going on?

STEVIE YOUNG
Garland, Texas

• Koufax does indeed hold the National League record for strikeouts pitched in one season: Seaver's NL record, which has now been surpassed by Houston's J. R. Richard with 303, was for righthanded pitchers only. Koufax and Carlton are lefthanders.—ED

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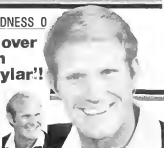
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